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THE MINISTRY.

THE selection of the Cabinet Ministers has corresponded in most instances with general expectation, and no serious objection can be raised to the distribution of offices. It would have been impossible to pass over Lord GRANVILLE's claim to the place which is generally regarded as second in Ministerial rank. Nearly thirty years have passed since he was first appointed Foreign Secretary by Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and in Mr. GLADSTONE's last Administration he was designated by general opinion as the fittest successor to Lord CLARENDON. During the last three or four years Lord GRANVILLE has carefully abstained from sharing in the violent hostility with which Mr. GLADSTONE and some other members of the party have assailed Lord BEACONSFIELD's policy. Though he will perhaps agree in the opinions of the PRIME MINISTER, he will not be inclined to reverse or disturb the relations which have been established among the European Powers. Even if Mr. GLADSTONE should, for the first time in his long official career, aspire to regulate the foreign policy of the country, his decisions will take their final shape from the channel through which they must be conveyed. If Lord HARTINGTON had been appointed to the Foreign Office, he would have had his business to learn. There is no reason to believe that he has at any time been a professed student of history or diplomacy, though his spirit and good sense would have enabled him to represent the country without discredit. It has fortunately not occurred to Mr. GLADSTONE to invite Lord DERBY to return to the Foreign Office. Few tendencies are so dangerous in the conduct of great affairs as habitual and insurmountable determination to avoid tangible risk and definite responsibility. If it is true that Lord DERBY has declined offers of joining the Government in some other capacity, he has probably had good reasons for his decision. The hopes which turbulent Russian politicians have founded on the result of the English elections will almost certainly be disappointed. Their complaints of the resolute pertinacity with which, as they assert, Lord BEACONSFIELD baffled and defeated the legitimate aspirations of Russia, may perhaps remind his successors of the unpopularity which would be incurred by a policy of ostentatious deference and concession. Mr. GLADSTONE's wild rhetoric will be largely modified by translation into Lord GRANVILLE's temperate and courteous conversation and despatches. In the House of Commons Sir CHARLES DILKE will represent the department with a vigour and knowledge of business which will render it unnecessary, as it might be unsafe, in ordinary cases for the Prime Minister to explain the policy of the Government.

Mr. GLADSTONE was well advised in giving the conduct of Indian affairs to Lord HARTINGTON, and in employing Lord NORTHBROOK in another office of which he has already had experience. The appointment of the Duke of ARGYLL might have been disastrous; and it is in almost all cases convenient that Ministers should not be pledged to any special policy in the business of their own departments. The traditional practice of entrusting the great offices of State to Parliamentary leaders, without reference to their knowledge of the special business of their respective departments, is justified by experience, though to theorists it appears paradoxical. There is no doubt that Mr. CHILDERS will soon master the details of the War Office, or that Sir W. HARCOURT will be an active and able Home Secretary, whether he defeats the

unexpected opposition at Oxford, or represents some other constituency. Lord KIMBERLEY has once before been Colonial Secretary, when his policy was indistinguishable from that which was afterwards pursued by Lord CARNARVON. He approved of the annexation of the Transvaal; and he will promote the federation of the South African provinces, if the measure is ultimately found practicable. The selection of Mr. FORSTER for the office of Irish Secretary is creditable both to the PRIME MINISTER and to himself. The late competitor for the office of leader of the Liberal party might without dispute have asserted his claim to high Ministerial rank. In choosing or consenting to represent the Government in Ireland he has probably been actuated by laudable ambition. It is not perhaps in English mortals to command the confidence of Irishmen, but Mr. FORSTER will do his best to deserve it. Even in that remarkable country honesty, temper, and ability in the conduct of business have a certain value. The Irish members will perhaps not be insensible to the compliment which a principal leader of the Liberal party pays to their country in the acceptance of an office which has frequently not even been held by a Cabinet Minister. It is not surprising that Mr. FORSTER, Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. GLADSTONE himself should in the first instance have been thought to represent sufficiently the advanced Liberal party. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who has succeeded in obtaining admission to the privileged circle, has displayed at Birmingham administrative ability combined with extreme political intolerance. It may be hoped that the colleagues who were not forward in promoting his accession to their number will restrain the democratic energies of the most active manager of elections. It seems to have been found expedient to avert the risk of an immediate party schism. The hesitation with which the demand was at first received is in some degree satisfactory. The appointment of Mr. FAWCETT to the considerable office of Postmaster-General will be universally approved.

As it was impossible to find room in the Cabinet for all the leading members of the party, the omission of the names of Mr. LOWE and Lord ABERDARE from the list had been generally anticipated. In declining office Mr. GOSCHEN has undoubtedly been actuated by a high sense of public principle. With the exception of Mr. GLADSTONE, none of the Ministers surpass him in ability or in knowledge. Unfortunately the party is bound by incautious pledges to support a measure which Mr. GOSCHEN rightly considers dangerous. Not following the example of Mr. LOWE, Mr. GOSCHEN retains his right of independent opposition to the degradation of the franchise, though he will not be able to defeat it. Another able and trusted member of former Liberal Governments seems to have been forgotten during the formation of the Cabinet. Lord CARDWELL has scarcely a superior in financial and political ability and knowledge. If he had remained in the House of Commons he would, as of course, have become leader of the party on the retirement of Mr. GLADSTONE; and it seems strange that he should not share its triumph. It is possible that a favourite pupil of Sir ROBERT PEEL may not entirely sympathize with the recent developments of Liberalism; but, even after the admission of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the moderate section retains a numerical preponderance. It is more remarkable that Lord RIBON should have accepted the Viceroyalty of India than that he should have been

selected for the post. His ability, his rank, and his long and varied practice in public affairs qualify him for the highest administrative office. He has a special qualification for the Viceroyalty in the knowledge of military administration which he acquired at the War Office as Under-Secretary and afterwards as Secretary of State. Lord LANSDOWNE has shown some self-denial in returning to an office of secondary rank; and he will establish a strong claim to a political office in some future Cabinet.

Of all the Ministerial arrangements, the most important is Mr. GLADSTONE'S reservation to himself of the Exchequer. As Prime Minister, he would in any case have exercised the same control over the finances which formerly belonged to Sir ROBERT PEEL. His determination to undertake the detailed administration probably indicates his intention of introducing some great financial enterprise. The scheme which he vaguely announced in his appeal to the constituencies in 1874 has never been further explained; but he may perhaps now have determined to prosecute the design which was then interrupted. He cannot, indeed, use the small surplus which he inherits from his predecessor to abolish the Income-tax; but the readjustment of taxation, or, in other words, the imposition of new taxes, may be effected with the aid of an irresistible majority. One of his proposals will no doubt be the imposition of additional burdens on landed property in the form of Probate duties, or of an increase of the Succession duties; and the small minority which consists of landowners will in vain contend against a popular and plausible demand. It is extremely doubtful whether the Income-tax ought at any time to be repealed; but since the date of his first Budget, seven-and-twenty years ago, Mr. GLADSTONE has repeatedly proposed to abolish the tax. Another conjecture points to the eventual reduction of the charge of the Debt by the creation of a $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Stock. Mr. GLADSTONE attempted to begin the change when the South Sea Stock was commuted in 1853; but the Crimean war immediately afterwards put an end for the time to financial experiments. It may be considered certain that Mr. GLADSTONE has not burdened himself with extraordinary labour and responsibility for the purpose of transacting the simple routine of business. There is too much reason to fear that he will stint the public service; but, on the other hand, it is not undesirable that he should have enough to do without interfering with foreign policy.

THE BUSINESS OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

THE object for which the present Parliament was elected is already accomplished in the overthrow of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Government. The farther measures to which the majority is pledged are few, and they attracted little attention during the contest. The Parliament of 1868 had a more definite task in the destruction of the Irish Church Establishment. That it would also effect a great constitutional change by the introduction of the Ballot, that it would try the bold experiment of remodelling Irish land tenure, and that it would create a new system of elementary education was not distinctly foreseen. The present Government will probably interfere to a greater extent between Irish landlords and tenants, though no definite plan, except Mr. BRIGHT'S, has been proposed by the leaders of the dominant party. They have on many occasions announced their intention of relaxing the control which landowners both in Great Britain and Ireland exercise over the future destination of their estates; but the total and immediate abolition of settlements on unborn children would provoke strong and almost unanimous resistance among the class which would be directly affected by the change. For the present it will perhaps be thought more prudent to accept Lord CAIRNS'S scheme of legislation than to propose more ambitious measures. Country gentlemen will have reason to regret the failure of the late Government to pass a Bill for the institution of a partially representative rural administration. The County Boards Bill of 1878 was abandoned because it was found that the farmers cared little or nothing for a measure which had been clamorously demanded in their name; but the Government ought to have foreseen that their omission to legislate would give their successors the opportunity of making far more sweeping changes. In one of his Midlothian speeches Mr. GLADSTONE, forgetting that he had himself promised to relieve the

rates at the expense of the public taxes, found fault with the Ministry for not having reserved the boon to be eventually exchanged for a sacrifice of the privileges and power of the landed gentry. The present Government will probably establish rural corporations on the basis of the elective franchise which already exists in boroughs.

By far the most important measure which is likely to occupy the present Parliament will be an organic change in the representative system. The extension of household suffrage to counties, with the accompanying or ensuing redistribution of electoral power, will be the greatest constitutional change since the first Reform Bill. The large increase of the constituencies in 1867 has had questionable results, but it left almost untouched the wholesome anomalies which alone allow minorities and special interests a reasonable share of representation. A few small boroughs were disfranchised or deprived of one of their members; but there is still abundant ground for the arithmetical protests of democratic levellers, and for the complacency with which theorists of opposite opinions habitually regard inequalities resulting from historical accidents. One part of the legislation of 1867 was justifiable and advantageous. The qualification of a 12l. rating in counties admitted a large and responsible class of voters which had been excluded by the first Reform Bill, as amended by the CHANDOS Clause. The owners of land, who had for five-and-thirty years controlled the county representation, were deprived by the Ballot of a great part of their influence, which in some districts, especially in Wales, was transferred to Dissenting ministers, who in the methods and objects of their political agitation strongly resemble Irish priests. In other parts of England substantial farmers return the county members. On the whole, the farmers have been disposed to act with their landlords, and the minority would probably return to their allegiance if they had the opportunity of determining another election; but after the next dissolution they will find themselves outvoted by their labourers. The extension of the suffrage will be comparatively innocuous in suburban districts where the middle classes are numerous. In Lincolnshire and the Eastern Counties tenant-farmers may as well henceforth cease to trouble themselves with politics. In pledging his party to a dangerous measure, Lord HARTINGTON committed one of the two or three serious mistakes of his creditable and prosperous career; but his hasty decision will now have no serious consequences, because Mr. GLADSTONE with the democracy at his back would in any case have opened the door to the reinforcement which awaits them without.

Although another dissolution will probably take place within two or three years, the extreme Liberals, who will carry with them their unwilling allies, have good reason to calculate on a long and uninterrupted career of success. The only cause of a new election will have been the admission to the suffrage of an additional multitude of poor and ignorant voters, and the abolition of small constituencies which might possibly cultivate independent judgment. Cynical Conservatives will perhaps console themselves for their late defeat by gloating over the swift retribution about to fall on mutinous tenant-farmers and on disfranchised boroughs which have swelled the Liberal majority. Graver politicians are not reconciled to public evils by the merited punishment which may be inflicted on any section of the community. Another appeal to the electors will in some respects be acceptable to the party of movement. As there will then be no BEACONSFIELD Government to expel from office, more comprehensive projects of change will be proposed to a more democratic constituency. There can be little doubt that the Nonconformists will insist on compensating themselves for their late significant silence by an attack on the Church. It is not likely that any Bill for disestablishment will be laid before the present Parliament, which indeed is otherwise provided with sufficient occupation; but no long time will elapse before some private member proposes a resolution for the purpose of eliciting the opinions of the Government. It may be conjectured from the effusive gratitude which Mr. GLADSTONE has repeatedly expressed to his Dissenting supporters that he will apply to the English Church the vague and menacing language which he has already addressed to the Scotch Establishment. Some of his colleagues will probably require that the destruction of the Church shall be an open question, until it advances, according to one of Mr. GLADSTONE'S favourite phrases, into the region of practical politics. After a time it is not

unlikely that the controversy may result in a coalition of the moderate Liberals with the Conservative party.

The apprehensions of a violent reaction in foreign policy, though they are naturally suggested by Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches, may perhaps be falsified by experience. The immediate direction of the national policy will be entrusted to other hands; and, having enough to do in finance and in domestic legislation, Mr. GLADSTONE may probably after a time relax his interest in subjects foreign to his studies and habits of thought. His colleagues may be able to divert him from hasty schemes of philanthropic agitation, and the FOREIGN SECRETARY will address even the Austrian Government in courteous terms. Lord BEACONSFIELD was perhaps induced to concentrate his energies on diplomacy by his well-known indifference to the details of domestic legislation and government. In dealing with Great Powers on matters of vital importance he found himself seriously interested in questions more important than party tactics or Parliamentary management. Similar reasons, operating in the contrary direction, will induce Mr. GLADSTONE to prefer the department in which he is an acknowledged master. It is only when foreign complications allow an admixture of sentiment and passion that they attract Mr. GLADSTONE's attention. Lord BEACONSFIELD has throughout his career regarded domestic policy principally in its relations to party; but as Minister he always took care to supply his own deficiencies by the selection of colleagues who understood current business better than himself. It is to be hoped that both in Indian and European affairs Mr. GLADSTONE will at least not be in a hurry to reverse the policy of his predecessor. The invectives which were calculated to suit the taste of excited crowds have served their turn, and they ought not to be mistaken for arguments and statements of fact such as those which ought to affect the decision of a Government. The modern practice of appealing to the people on questions which are only understood by studious politicians produces almost unmitigated evil. The speaker has probably convinced himself as well as his audience; but when he is called upon to act, instead of declaiming, he ought to reconsider the subject. Three or four years ago Mr. GLADSTONE incidentally remarked in the House of Commons that he had always found the Cabinet disinclined to attend to Indian business. His opinion of the due prominence of foreign affairs has been more frequently quoted. The best service which he can render to the country in both departments of Government is to abstain as much as possible from interference which is likely to be mischievous.

FRENCH ELECTORS AND FRENCH POLITICS.

THERE is an obvious resemblance and an important difference between the position of the Liberal party in France and that of the Liberal party in England at the present moment. In both countries the Liberals seem secure beyond the possibility of reverse. M. GAMBETTA and Mr. GLADSTONE alike command the support of an organization which at the last election carried everything before it. But in England this victory represents for the time the whole effective force of popular feeling. When the Conservatives once more find themselves in office, it will be by reason of a change of mood in the electors who voted last month. Some who then supported Liberal candidates will have turned round and supported Conservative candidates; some who then supported Liberal candidates will have conceived some grudge against their party, and will not have voted at all. In France, on the other hand, there is always an unseen and unheard force to be allowed for. Beneath and by the side of the electors who care about politics, and who vote, or abstain, or change their sides on what—using the word in a very wide sense—may be called political grounds, there are the electors who do not care about politics, and who consequently in ordinary times do not trouble themselves to go to the poll. The storms which fret the surface of French affairs do not penetrate into these deep seas. The peasant scarcely knows the name of M. DE FREYCINET or M. FERRY, or, if he does, it is simply as words which fill a certain space in the newspapers, or on the doors of some official building. He is neither a Conservative nor a Radical, if by Conservative and Radical are meant the Parliamentary parties that pass by those names. Provided that he is left alone, and not frightened, he is willing to let the elections

go as those who take an interest in them like to decide. He does not expect to be affected by the result of them, and so long as he is easy on this score he does not care what that result is.

When therefore we read that the Republican deputies have returned from visiting their constituents during the recess with the fullest assurance that the course taken by the Government as regards the religious orders meets with universal approval, except among avowed Clericals, we have no difficulty in accepting this statement as true. For one thing an avowed Clerical in the mouth of a French Radical means just at present a man who opposed the Seventh Clause of M. FERRY's Bill and who dislikes the administrative decrees which have been called forth by the rejection of that clause. But even without this explanatory qualification the news is less satisfactory for the Cabinet than it appears to be. If Frenchmen would consent to be illogical it is possible, and even probable, that the attack upon the unauthorized religious orders would do the Government no harm. The peasantry know little about these orders, and have no particular love for them. They might even welcome the expulsion of the Jesuits as an easy way of disposing of a dog who has somehow got a very bad name. The sorrows of the upper classes, who would have either to send their sons abroad to be educated or to put up with less fashionable schools than those to which they are accustomed, do not move them in the least. Nor is their love of liberty of that consistent and sensitive sort which is pained by an act of administrative tyranny, even when the victim is a monk. There is no reason, however, to suppose that Frenchmen, least of all French Radicals, are for about the first time in history going to become illogical. The majority in the Chamber of Deputies has forced M. DE FREYCINET to take up an anti-Clerical position. It may be quite true, as the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* so often assures us, that left to himself he would never have wished to attack the religious orders. But this only shows more conclusively how strong must have been the pressure to which M. DE FREYCINET was subjected. What guarantee is there either that similar pressure will not be again exerted, or that he will not again yield to it? It is said—and it certainly sounds exceedingly probable—that M. DE FREYCINET has yielded a little in order to save himself from being obliged to yield a great deal. If he had refused to issue the decrees, he would have been left in a minority in the Chamber, and then he must have made way for some other Minister who would have applied them with infinitely greater stringency. If this reasoning is good for putting out the decrees, it will be equally good for acting upon them. The whole question becomes one of degree, and M. DE FREYCINET can always persuade himself and the Correspondent of the *Times* that the cause of moderation will be benefited by his remaining in office. Even if it came to executing Jesuits instead of banishing them, there would be milder and harsher ways of setting about it, and M. DE FREYCINET might argue that, as a true friend to the religious orders, he was bound to continue Minister in order to ensure their members being guillotined and not broken on the wheel.

The mere fact, therefore, that M. DE FREYCINET is as full as he can hold of the best possible intentions does not seem to have much to do with the question. It is more important to know what the Radicals will wish him to do than what he wishes to do himself. He may not go quite the lengths he is asked to go, but he will think it better for the Church that he should go three parts of the way rather than leave it to somebody else to go all the way. The only chance, therefore, that the anti-Clerical movement will end with the decrees against the religious orders lies in the possible contentment of the Radicals with the victory they have already won, and this appears to be a very small chance indeed. They have been careful, while accepting what the Government have done as an instalment, to show their contempt for it even when considered as an instalment. M. CLÉMENTEAU loses no opportunity of pointing out what miserable half-measures the 7th Clause and the decrees are, how inadequate they appear to every politician who has any regard for principle, and how steadily the Government must be driven forward in the path which it has entered so late and along which it moves so lamely. There is every likelihood, therefore, that the first step in anti-clerical legislation will not be the last; and though every fresh step may stop a little short of what M. DE FREYCINET is urged to make it, it will be at least as much in advance

of what he would make it if he followed his own judgment.

It is when this point has been reached that the importance of the usually inert element in the electorate will be seen. Unfortunately for Cabinets, this element will move when it does move with little or no warning, and on what may appear very slight provocation. It is impossible to say beforehand what will be the feature in the coming Radical legislation that will alarm the peasantry; it is almost certain that there will be some feature or other in it that will alarm them. When alarmed, they will show their strength as they have shown it before. If they were accustomed to take part in the elections, they would understand that all that is required to manifest their distaste for the policy of the Cabinet for the time being is to return representatives, pledged according to the necessity of the situation, either to modify the policy or to overturn the Cabinet. But to men who are not accustomed to take part in elections the application of Parliamentary machinery is apt to seem insufficient for the purpose they wish to attain. What they really dislike may be the mode in which the institutions under which they live are administered; but what they think they dislike is ordinarily the institutions themselves. It is plain that France has already wandered very far away from that moderate and Conservative Republic which M. THIERS declared to be the only Republic that could last. She may yet come back to the path she has left; but, if she does not, it is pretty safe to predict that the element in the constituencies which the Radical party persistently ignore will be strong enough to upset what it may not be patient enough to guide.

THE CONSERVATIVE COLLAPSE.

THE article which appears under the above title in the *Fortnightly Review* of to-day is one which is calculated to excite a good deal of attention and curiosity. It is unsigned, or rather signed with a *nom de plume*, contrary to the usual habit of the periodical in which it appears, and its internal evidence of authorship is curiously conflicting. There can hardly be two persons in the country who seriously think the action of the GLADSTONE Government in 1870 to have been so "strong" as "INDEX," the writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, thinks it. But, on the other hand, this is the kind of stroke which a skilful writer anxious to divert suspicion from himself would naturally insert. On the other hand, the one person who is known to regard the action of England on that occasion as on a par with the noblest exploits of the heroes of antiquity seldom writes so clearly and simply as the *Fortnightly Reviewer*. Perhaps it is but an idle task to attempt to reconcile the voice of JACOB and the hands of ESAU, especially as a literary *supercherie* would be by no means difficult in such a case. It is sufficient that the article is known to come from a source of more or less importance, and that its contents are such as to deserve attention, even if their author were the first comer. It may not be, as it has been confidently pronounced to be, the work of the PRIME MINISTER; but it puts for the first time very clearly and definitely a view as to the shortcomings of the late official representatives of Conservatism, and of the probable future of the party, which has been more than once visible, bobbing up and down amid the turbid torrent of Mr. GLADSTONE'S political harangues.

This view can be put with sufficient brevity. Conservatism and the conduct of Sir ROBERT PEEL are, according to the writer, convertible terms. He points to the Peelite creed—or, as that symbol would be rather difficult to draw up, perhaps we had better say the Peelite practice—and tells Conservatives that under this standard, and under no other, they may conquer, or at least wage a not unequal fight. Sir ROBERT, according to this fervent ultra-Liberal panegyrist of his, had six points—purity, legislative activity, economy, financial regularity, an indisposition to bring on questions of party principle, and a habit of sticking to the form of his measures. We may note in passing, as a side-light to the question of authorship, the entire omission of all reference to foreign policy. Now these six things distinguished Sir ROBERT PEEL and all his works, and the absence of them has as characteristically distinguished Lord BEACONSFIELD and all his works. Hence the paths of honour and of shame that each (it need not be said that we speak in

the sense of our author) has trod respectively. It is not necessary to go through the various demonstrations which are resorted to for the purpose of proving the case. The denunciation of "Conservative Government" by Mr. DISRAELI as "organized hypocrisy," and the still more famous remark about "education," of course play a very large part in the argument, and a minute criticism of various acts of the late Government a still larger. Most of this is not new, and has been argued and re-argued a thousand times before. The real points of interest in the article may be said to be three. The first is that the author is either actually convinced, or has laboured so hard to convince himself that he has almost succeeded, of what may be called the "diabolical" theory of the late Government and its acts. A considerable portion of his article might be taken to be an argumentative extension of the worst-government-the-country-ever-had axiom. He labours to prove that the policy of this unfortunate Ministry imitated "all that was least good in the Liberal tradition and all that was most blameworthy in the Conservative," and the mixture of respect, aversion, and alarm with which he speaks of Lord BEACONSFIELD is exceedingly odd. It is exactly the language of old days in reference to the Prince of Darkness. In the second place, this ultra-Liberal generously admits the presence of a large Conservative element in the country, and endeavours by this admission to console the "Old Conservative" to whom the article is addressed, and who seems to be an estimable but rather feeble personage, eminently of the kind that the authors of political and philosophical dialogues and discussions are apt to set up to be bowled at. Lastly—and this is the real purpose of the article—he urges upon his enemies the necessity, if they wish for their soul's and their party's health, of recurring to that model of Conservatism which reigned paramount between 1830 and 1850, and the observance of which in 1844 placed the Conservative party "in the zenith of its prosperity."

This view seems to be equally worthy of attention from Liberals, from Conservatives, and from "moderate men"—a term which, after some two hundred years' disuse, seems to be coming to the front again. The ideal proposed may be taken without discussion as being that which Liberals of the author's type would like to see realized. Perhaps it may be said that this is of itself sufficient to render it suspicious to minds of other political complexions. But this would be to take too offhand a view of the matter. *Fas et ab hoste* is a sufficiently venerable motto to deserve the attention of the most bigoted Tory, much more of impartial politicians. In order, however, to judge "INDEX'S" proposal, we have only two very simple things to do; to look at the programme he offers in itself, and to look at the historical experience of its adoption. There can be no doubt that from each point of view its acceptability to a Radical is obvious. As far as we can understand "INDEX," his idea of an enemy's army seems to be very much that of FREDERICK WILLIAM of Prussia as to his own—that is to say, that it is never to fight. Of the six points of his programme, one announces in plain terms that "Conservatism" is not to be brought face to face with Liberalism in an "open field." Four of the other five might be generally described as the adoption of the most elaborate precautions to prevent the two parties from coming to blows even on a side issue. It can easily be understood that such a policy as this would be agreeable to the opposite party. It would, in fact, secure that Conservative Governments, when they did hold office, should hold it on the condition of not being Conservative, and that their time of so-called power should be merely an agreeable rest for their adversaries, during which they might take their ease and purge themselves of the natural and inevitable unpopularity which office brings. It may also be said that such a policy would organize defeat for those who pursued it whenever anything like a real battle came. Accustomed to a colourless policy, and to being indistinguishable from their opponents, they would certainly lose that *esprit de corps* which is as necessary to a party as to an army. They would come to regard themselves as only Liberal warm-up men, lieutenants, in the strict sense of the word, of their nominal adversaries. Nor does an historical retrospect dissipate this conclusion. It is quite possible that a cautious leader, like PEEL, was better suited than a more daring one to re-form a beaten party after the huge collapse of 1832. But it is equally certain that his policy restored little more than a fictitious life to that party. Unremitting "nursing," careful abstention from doing anything com-

promising, and the faults and incapacities of his opponents, resulted after a decade in a Conservative majority of about the same numerical strength as the Liberal majority of today. But what was the value of that majority? In 1844, according to "INDEX," the Conservative party was in the zenith of its prosperity. In a few months the whole party broke to pieces, and never regained real power—as distinguished from power temporary and by sufferance—for nearly thirty years. The merits of the question which shattered it have nothing to do with the case. That question was at least no new one; and, had the leader and his policy of leading been what they should have been, party discipline and party education would have held the followers to their chief or the chief to the followers. But, accustomed as they had been, according to "INDEX," to see questions which might provoke party opposition avoided, there was no discipline, and there had been no need for education. The party had come to include men as different from one another as the men who compose the Liberal party now are; and the inevitable strain brought about the inevitable split. No doubt, from "INDEX's" point of view, the consummation was not undesirable. There must, as he very truly says, always be a Conservative feeling in the country. If there were no recognized Conservative party, that feeling might either lead, as in some Republican countries, to the non-participation of important elements of society in political matters, or, as in others, to the formation of a dangerous and fanatical set of reactionists. "INDEX" would therefore like there to be a Conservative party to absorb these and other elements congenial to it, and to keep them in a state of solution, offering no real impediment to his own side, but serving as a kind of ballast to the ship of State, and occasionally, in an interval of simulated and permissive power, administering a gentle alternative to the body politic. An incongruous conjunction of metaphors is requisite to indicate the incongruity of the proposal. Perhaps the old Conservative friend may be seduced by it, but the majority of the party are hardly likely to consider it satisfactory, nor, we may add, are politicians who look at all sides of a question. A great political party which lives in a vain show is not likely to be a national benefit. It is very likely to be termed, and to be termed with truth, an "organized hypocrisy."

AFFAIRS IN AFGHANISTAN.

THE victories obtained by Sir DONALD STEWART, Colonel JENKINS, and General ROSS, and the unopposed occupation of Ghuznee, are gratifying, but the satisfaction which they suggest is tempered by the proofs which have lately been afforded of the pertinacity of the hostile Afghans. The attack on the force which had advanced from Cabul was probably a part of a concerted scheme; and, according to one account, the English troops had found it expedient to retire within the fortifications of Sherpur. One of the most troublesome peculiarities of half-civilized adversaries is their apparent inconsistency in submission and resistance. During the first and second advances on Cabul the invading force encountered no formidable opposition, although the Afghan power was then unbroken either by military disaster or by political dissension. It was not until Cabul was occupied, after the skirmish at Charasiab, that the English position was attacked by a large army, of which the very existence had been previously unknown. It is not known whether General STEWART had, before the commencement of his advance from Candahar, anticipated the hostility of the strong force which, having executed a parallel march, attempted to bar his road to Ghuznee. It is sometimes difficult to distinguish between friends and enemies. The Governor of Ghuznee seems to have surrendered the place voluntarily when the garrison had left it to join the army in the field. It may be hoped that the heavy losses sustained in the late engagements will convince the hostile leaders of the inutilty of further resistance. The tribe called the Hazarehs creates an incidental embarrassment by prosecuting an ancient feud with the Afghan malcontents at a time when the English General wishes to conciliate the hostile chiefs. There is probably sufficient foundation for the opinion which seems to prevail in India that the result of recent operations is on the whole satisfactory, though it was said a few days ago that the enemy was collecting in large numbers round Charasiab. The occupation of Ghuznee deprives MAHOMED JAN of

his only stronghold; and it greatly facilitates the communication between Candahar and Cabul. Some of the chiefs who had previously held out have lately tendered their submission, and special importance is attached to the arrival at Cabul of delegates from Kohistan, though they are said unanimously to favour the pretensions of ABDURRAHMAN, whose position and political tendencies are still imperfectly known.

There is reason to believe that ABDURRAHMAN has to some extent established his influence among the tribes of Turkestan; but he may perhaps not be equally successful in obtaining the support of the Southern chiefs, even if the Indian Government should be disposed to recognize his title. Candahar will, in any case, unless Lord LYTTON's policy is suddenly reversed, be the capital of a separate province, as long as SHEER ALI maintains his fidelity to the Government which appointed him. It is uncertain whether ABDURRAHMAN entertains any immediate design on Herat, which is still in the possession of his kinsman AYBE. If the effect of the Afghan war is to split up the country once more into several principalities, the result may perhaps not be exclusively owing to English interference. It is extremely doubtful whether YAKOOB KHAN would have been able to keep together the dominions of his father, even if he had succeeded in time of peace. The strong and friendly Afghanistan which Indian statesmen have reasonably desired to maintain has had but a precarious existence. It was only strong under a vigorous ruler, who was sometimes friendly to his powerful neighbour, and often jealous and dissatisfied. Until another DOST MAHOMMED arises, the Afghan monarchy will probably not be reconstituted. As an alternative, it may become necessary to deal with several petty potentates who may perhaps be as manageable as one powerful and ambitious ruler. If the late contests and negotiations have had no other result, they must at least have extended the knowledge which Indian officers, civil and military, possessed of Afghan affairs. All the chiefs of importance have had relations with the generals or with other agents of the Government, and personal acquaintance must have thrown much light on their several dispositions, and even on the national character. General confidence is reposed in the experienced judgment of Mr. LEPEL GRIFFIN, who is now charged with the diplomatic or political conduct of affairs. Sir DONALD STEWART, who will in right of seniority assume the chief command at Cabul, has displayed remarkable ability during his long exercise of authority at Candahar. The new Viceroy will have ample means of forming a sound opinion on the complicated questions with which he must necessarily deal. It may be hoped that he will not arrive in India unduly fettered with instructions from home, which must necessarily be founded on imperfect knowledge.

Among other prejudices it will be proper to guard against the delusion that recent transactions have produced an irreconcilable quarrel between the Afghans and their conquerors. Domestic blood feuds are universal among uncivilized tribes, but the custom or feeling scarcely applies to national wars. The Afghans must be unlike other warlike races if they have not conceived a respect for a power which has on many occasions proved itself irresistible. Except in the surprise which caused in December last the temporary evacuation of Cabul, they have not, during a year and a half of fighting, repeatedly renewed, obtained the advantage in a single skirmish. The traditional belief in the inability of an English army to maintain itself through the winter at Cabul has been dissipated by the most convincing evidence to the contrary; and Sir DONALD STEWART has proved that the most desperate valour is insufficient when it is opposed to superior arms and regular discipline. It is true that the Afghans have shown themselves respectable, and even formidable, enemies; but they will probably at last admit that they are overmatched. As long as the struggle continues, their natural dislike of strangers and invaders will be reinforced by religious antipathy; but they will not be the only Mahometans who, after opposing the establishment of English dominion, have learned to maintain peaceable relations with the victorious infidel. There are many Afghans in the ranks of the Indian army who are not less trustworthy than their Mahometan or Hindoo comrades. Hereafter it will perhaps be found practicable to make use on a larger scale of the military aptitude of some of the Afghan tribes.

There is no reason to suspect that Lord HARTINGTON

will wantonly sacrifice the results of a costly enterprise. In common with the other leaders of the party, he has from time to time denounced the policy of the late Government and of Lord LYTTON; but he has probably not studied the question in detail, and his good sense will secure him against the temptation of holding himself bound by his own language used in the heat of controversy. He was perhaps too careless in his declaration that his party would, on its accession to power, take measures to retire from Afghanistan as soon as the movement could be safely and creditably effected. He afterwards took an opportunity of laying additional stress on the limitations which he had already recognized. No Government wishes to attempt the permanent occupation of Afghanistan, and the only difference of opinion is as to the conditions of an eventual retreat. The dispute as to the frontier is settled by the course of events, although differences of opinion on the subject still exist. There is no longer any question as to the retention of control over the Khyber and Bolan passes; and it is not likely that any Government will propose to abandon Quetta. The eventual fate of Candahar is more uncertain, because a force quartered there under the control of a Resident would be far in advance of the Indian frontier. If the railway to Candahar had been completed, the transit must necessarily have been guarded by English troops, which would be most conveniently quartered at Candahar. The new Government may perhaps suspend the work, notwithstanding its political and commercial importance; but Lord RIPON will probably study the question before a decision is made; and it is believed that Indian opinion favours the dependence of Candahar on English protection. If Quetta is the furthest outpost in the direction of Afghanistan, it may be doubtful whether Lord LYTTON's nominee at Candahar will be able to maintain his position. On this and other subjects it would be inexpedient to decide in a hurry; and no judicious statesman will allow his policy to be regulated by the opinions which he or his colleagues may have expressed in an earlier and different state of circumstances. Lord HARTINGTON has probably by this time ceased to take even the smallest interest in the question which maintained the wrath of the Duke of ARGYLL through a dozen speeches and two ponderous volumes. Whether SHERE ALI was alienated from England by the coldness of Lord NORTHBROOK or by the urgency of Lord LYTTON is an inquiry now wholly obsolete. One of the soundest principles of English administration would be violated if the present Ministers were eager to reverse the policy of their predecessors.

THE HOME RULERS.

TO the commonplace English mind it seems only natural that Irish Home Rulers should hold their meetings in Ireland. Mr. PARNELL, always original, is original even on this point. He applies to politics the doctrine that his countryman applied to more material things, and holds Ireland to be the best country in the world to live out of. Mr. SHAW may perhaps be excused for his inability to follow his colleague's eccentric reasoning. As the Home Rule members were to meet somewhere before the opening of the Session, he thought that they should meet in Dublin. Probably if Mr. SHAW had thought that they ought to meet in London, Mr. PARNELL would have been in favour of Dublin. Union is so essential to the success of the Home Rule agitation that Mr. PARNELL is naturally anxious to promote it in every possible way, and his notion of promoting it is not to allow of the faintest difference among Home Rulers. If they do not say ditto to Mr. PARNELL they must go into the outer darkness. Mr. SHAW is naturally the person who is most suspected of meditating the intolerable presumption of having an opinion of his own. Though he has not succeeded to Mr. BUTT's position in the party, he has, more than any other Home Rule member, succeeded to Mr. BUTT's views. He has not yet ventured to express them with Mr. BUTT's plainness of speech, but that is accounted for by the fact that his relations with Mr. PARNELL are of a different character. Mr. BUTT was the leader of the Home Rule party, and in condemning Mr. PARNELL's action he addressed a schismatic. Mr. SHAW is not the leader of the Home Rule party, but merely occupies a not very well defined position as its Parliamentary chief; and in addressing Mr. PARNELL he can only remonstrate with a superior officer

who, as he thinks, is injuring the cause by his imprudence. Mr. PARNELL knows how to treat remonstrances of this kind. He is emphatically of the order of men who stand no nonsense. With him discipline is discipline, and a commander-in-chief ought to have no more scruple in shooting a field-marshal if he happens to be placed under his orders than he would have in shooting a private soldier. Consequently, Mr. PARNELL has resented Mr. SHAW's conduct in calling a meeting in Dublin as such presumption deserves to be resented, and Mr. SHAW saw the result of his anger in the empty benches which he had to address on Tuesday. Only twenty-two Irish members attended the Conference, and even of these not quite all were genuine Home Rulers. The absentees are either sworn followers of Mr. PARNELL, or thought that nothing would be gained by making their divergence from him evident any sooner than necessary.

These prudent spirits will not be able thus to economize much longer. As soon as the House of Commons is completely constituted they will have to choose whom they will serve. The first act of the great united Irish party will be to file off on opposite sides of the Speaker's chair. Mr. SHAW is a Liberal as well as a Home Ruler, and therefore will sit among the Liberals. Mr. PARNELL is a Home Ruler pure and simple, and therefore he will sit among the Opposition for the time being, no matter by what party name that Opposition may happen to be called. The distinction is perfectly rational at bottom, but a little amusing on the surface. Mr. PARNELL's hand is avowedly against every man. His Parliamentary function is to say No to every motion that is not moved by himself or his friends. In his view, this is the only function that the Home Rulers can discharge with proper respect to themselves. They have not come to Westminster to help English members to do English business. They are there to convince English members that the only way of doing English business is to shunt Irish members into a siding of their own, and leave them to do Irish business there. Consequently Mr. PARNELL is perfectly consistent in sitting on the Opposition benches. Obstruction must always be a form of opposition; and as yet Mr. PARNELL has not gone back from his pledge that this shall be the form which his opposition shall mainly take. Mr. SHAW's theory of working for Home Rule is altogether divergent from this. He, too, hopes to see Home Rule obtained by the action of a united Irish party; but he regards Home Rule as merely the first among many Irish measures which he desires to see passed, and, in the interval before Home Rule is obtained, he is quite willing to accept these other measures at the hands of any party which is prepared to concede them. As between the Liberals and the Conservatives, Mr. SHAW has no doubt which this Irish party ought to support. There are many things which the Liberals are ready to do for Ireland, there are very few things which the Conservatives are ready to do for Ireland. The Liberals sympathise with the Irish party on the Irish franchise, and Mr. GLADSTONE, at all events, is prepared to go a long way with them on the Irish land question. It is on the Liberal benches, therefore, that Mr. SHAW thinks the united Irish party ought to sit, whether the Liberals are in power or in opposition.

When a great united party is of opinion that its members ought all to sit in the same place, but cannot agree what that place shall be, it has no choice but to cease to be united even at the cost of ceasing to be great. There are cases in which means are of more importance than ends, and the difference between Mr. PARNELL and Mr. SHAW is one of these cases. So far as appears they are quite agreed as to the political change which they want to bring about. Both desire to see an Irish Parliament discussing Irish measures in the Irish capital. Both therefore aim at an object which, in the opinion of a vast majority of Englishmen, neither will be nor ought to be attained. But this fact does not of itself bring them into any hostile contact with Englishmen. The Home Rulers have just the same right to desire to modify the constitution of the three kingdoms in the way indicated, that is possessed by any other group of members which wishes to alter an existing legislative arrangement. In this sense Mr. BUTT was as decided a Home Ruler as Mr. PARNELL; but Mr. BUTT lived on very good terms with his brother members. The distinction between him and Mr. PARNELL was just what the distinction between Mr. PARNELL and Mr. SHAW is. It is a distinction of means. In the same way the distinction between a creditor who sues you for a debt and a creditor who

knocks you down and picks your pocket of the amount is a distinction of means. The end is the same in both instances—to get what the creditor thinks his due. But the means chosen by the latter creditor bring him within the grasp of the criminal law, and the means chosen by Mr. PARNELL must in the end bring him within the grasp of the Serjeant-at-Arms. It is a decided advantage from this point of view that the two sections of the united Irish party should sit on opposite sides of the House. Any obstruction that is offered will now come entirely from Mr. PARNELL's followers, and there will be no fear of the contagion spreading to Mr. SHAW's followers. The actual Obstructives have always been few in number, but they have gained in apparent strength by being mixed up, and consequently identified with, the Home Rule party generally. The temptation to go into the same lobby with a man who is sitting next you is greater than the temptation to go into the same lobby with a man who is sitting opposite to you. In the former case there is the force of habit to be resisted. You are accustomed to vote with your party, and the outward and visible sign of party is neighbourhood on the benches of the House of Commons. For the present, therefore, Mr. PARNELL's party may be expected to consist strictly of the members who sympathize with Mr. PARNELL's choice of means. Mr. SHAW will lead the Home Rulers, Mr. PARNELL will lead the Obstructives. Mr. SHAW will use argument to gain what he wants, Mr. PARNELL will use force. Mr. SHAW will be recognized as a politician with whom those who agree with him on other questions, while they differ from him on the Home Rule question, can cordially work; Mr. PARNELL will be recognized as a politician with whom no other Parliamentary section can work. More accurately, Mr. SHAW will be recognized as a politician, while Mr. PARNELL will continue to play the part of a Parliamentary outlaw, tolerated just so long as he is willing to make toleration a less troublesome process than punishment.

MEXICO.

THE visit of General GRANT to Mexico was as great a success as Americans or Mexicans could have wished. He was treated as the living embodiment of the United States, and all the honours that could be paid by a little State to a big one were paid to him. Even at Vera Cruz, which is ordinarily the most dismal and forlorn of places, he was welcomed with a profusion of flowers and with a salute of cannon, the only tributes Vera Cruz had at its command to offer to a hero and a general. He made a triumphal progress along the beautiful and interesting line from Vera Cruz to Mexico, breaking his journey at Orizaba, where he had more fêtes, more flowers, and possibly a salute from the pistols with which the inhabitants are obliged to go armed. In the capital itself he was lodged in the office of the Mint, one of the few handsome buildings that have escaped the effacing fingers of poverty-stricken Republicanism. Dinners, balls, reviews, and processions were given or instituted in his honour, and everything was done to cement the union between the two Republics. The Mexicans were worshipping the setting as well as the rising sun; as they saw in General GRANT not only the President that has been, but the President that is to be. In a moment of hilarious enthusiasm the importance of an accidental political event is apt to be overrated; but there can be no doubt that lately the Americans have been turning their thoughts to Mexico, and the Mexicans have been turning their thoughts to the United States. The two Republics have gradually been getting on good terms with each other. President HAYES, in his last Message, drew the attention of Congress to the great field for commercial enterprise which Mexico presented to adventurous Americans, and several important enterprises in Mexico are now in the hands of American capitalists. A great and most welcome concession to Mexican pride has also recently been made by the Government of the United States. Three years ago an order was issued to the General in command of the American troops on the Mexican frontier, that when raiders from the other side of the river got back from American soil before they could be caught, he should follow them and punish them on his own account, although they were treading their native heath. This obnoxious order has now been rescinded, and the Americans have

even gone further, and have actually paid the Mexicans the compliment of inviting their troops to cross the border and help in subduing American Indians. On the other hand, the Mexicans have in one way wisely commended themselves to their powerful neighbours. Mexico owes America a debt of 800,000*l.* to be paid off by annual instalments of 60,000*l.* This is the only debt that Mexico recognizes, and the only debt it pays. It is felt that it may be all very well to leave European creditors out in the cold, but that this will never do where Americans are concerned. Much of the present goodwill between Mexico and the United States is due to the tact and vigilance of Mr. FOSTER, who was for some time American Minister in Mexico, but who has now been transferred to Russia. He is to be replaced by Mr. MORGAN of Louisiana, from whom the Mexicans expect great things, as he is said to be an intimate friend of President HAYES, an accomplished Spanish scholar, and a jurist of attainments so wide and eminent that he has achieved the curious distinction of having been appointed an honorary member of the Egyptian International Tribunal. With Mr. MORGAN at their doors, and General GRANT at the White House, the Mexicans look for the coming of a good time, and for the establishment of very favourable relations between themselves and their neighbours whom they once thought so dangerous.

General GRANT was accompanied to Mexico by Señor ZAMACONA, who has been for some time residing in the States as the representative of Mexico; and in the flush of excitement which General GRANT's visit awakened, it occurred to some of the friends of Señor ZAMACONA that a man fresh from the States, with a strong leaning to Americans, and a personal friend of General GRANT, would make the best of all Presidents for Mexico. Whether his candidature is to be considered serious cannot as yet be pronounced, and many a candidate who rises into temporary prominence in the capital remains unknown in the provinces. The two accepted candidates for the Presidency have, so far as is as yet known, the field before them. General GARCIA DE CADENA makes no sign, and continues entrenched in the mysterious obscurity of his own distant State; but it is thought that his calm means mischief, and that he is only waiting to see whether and when it will answer to set the ball of revolution rolling. General GONZALEZ is in command of the troops that have been sent to put down scattered bands of insurgents on the West coast, and he has the immense advantage over all competitors that he has got an army at his disposal, and this army must desert him or be beaten before his claims can be ignored. Meanwhile President DIAZ not only declines to take any part in the coming Presidential contest, but has asked to retire, in consequence of domestic affliction, from the active exercise of his functions for a period of two months. His Government had, however, time before his retirement to decide two questions of great importance. In the first place, it gave the concession for the Central Railway, which is the key to the future of Mexican prosperity, to a group of American capitalists. It does not, however, appear to have done more than to have invited Congress to discuss, and, if it pleases, to sanction the concession, and has not pressed the concession on its acceptance. It is certain that a few months ago a concession of the main artery of Mexican communication to Americans would have had no chance of being adopted by a Congress the majority of which has repeatedly expressed its dislike of what it considers to be American intrusion. Possibly time, and General GRANT, and a change in public opinion, may have worked an alteration in the views of the deputies, and what would have seemed very dangerous in the last Session may be considered highly expedient in the present Session. In the next place, the Government, after much vacillation and after long coquetting with an idea which is only too fascinating to a Government short of funds, has finally, as it is understood, rejected the proposal for establishing a National Bank. The proposed bank was to have an issue of notes to the extent of three times its capital, and to place almost all, if not all, its capital at the disposal of the Government. This must have led inevitably to a forced currency, and a forced currency would have sooner or later sunk Mexico to the level of Peru. There are not very many good things to be said of the past history of Mexico; but at any rate there is one good thing to be said, and that is, that the Mexicans have steadily set themselves to maintain the solid and honest basis of a metallic

currency. The projects which linked the fortunes of the English bondholders with a bank or a railway have necessarily fallen into abeyance now that there is to be no bank, and that the railway, if given to any one, is to be given to others. But the best thing that the bondholders can do is to wait patiently until the resources of the country are so developed that a portion of the real surplus revenue can be devoted to meeting their claims. How near Mexico is to having anything like a surplus revenue cannot be stated with any degree of confidence. Mexican Budgets must be placed at some unascertained point in the long interval which separates the budgets of England from the budgets of Turkey; but it is something to get what is called in Mexico a definitive budget, and the definitive budget of 1878 has now been published. From this it appears that the national income has risen from three and a half millions sterling to a little over six millions; but the expenses have also increased; and, although the two sides of the budget nearly balance, there was an excess of expenditure to the modest amount of 20,000*l*. That Mexican financiers should have been so adroit and so prudent as to have ended the financial year with this very small deficiency is a fact much to their honour, if only it is to be accepted as indisputable.

The general opinion seems to be that there will be some disturbance at the time of the Presidential election, but that it will be temporary and slight. With one candidate concentrating himself in a malignant calm, with another at the head of an army, and with a third offering himself as the friend of the speculative foreigner, the Mexicans do not see how they are to get through the election without something like a brush. In support of their calculations they can appeal to the history of all elections, and not only to the signs that indicate the course of this particular election. Meanwhile the attention of Mexicans is occupied not so much with the possibility of a revolution as with the fact of brigandage. Not improbably the indignation which brigandage now excites is itself a symptom of better times. Possibly it is not that brigandage increases, but that the resentment it awakens expresses itself more forcibly. Anyhow the industry of indignant journalists is able to collect a startling aggregate of unpleasant facts. We read of three persons being murdered at Tacubaya, which is as near to Mexico as Clapham is to Charing Cross. There is an alarming story of a printing office being broken into by masked ruffians, in one of the chief streets of Mexico, and of the printers being assaulted and robbed; and from one Mexican prison ten convicts are said to have quietly walked away in the full light of day. In the provinces, as soon as the passing detachments of troops are withdrawn, we find men of property and respectability carried off into the hills in order that a ransom may be exacted from them. A leading agricultural Association has addressed the Government, and has pointed out that the humble cultivators of the soil are constantly threatened and maltreated, and that the lives of the proprietors and managers of estates are in perpetual danger. What adds to the alarm is that the representatives of justice increase the reign of terror by sharing in, or conniving at, crime. In one district forty persons have come forward and accused three members of the Municipal Council of assassination, robbery, and a friendly understanding with the brigands of the vicinity. In the printing case an adjutant of police has been prosecuted because, when he had got one of the evildoers into his power, he simply let him go on his own responsibility. The mischief of applying the jury system to societies which are not fit for it has also made itself felt, and the Mexican public has been scandalized by a jury acquitting prisoners who had confessed their guilt, and owned that they had been parties to an attack upon a diligence and to the murder of one of the travellers. Society has been so much alarmed that a project of law has been drawn up which, if carried, will enact that cases of robbery with violence shall be withdrawn from juries, and submitted to the summary jurisdiction of judges acting with military rapidity. The great obstacle to the operation of such a law is that it is impossible to know whether those charged with its execution will carry it out. Mexican judges are too often the friends of the prisoners, and the worst brigands are too often the nominal guardians of the highway. But it need not be supposed that brigandage will always have the upper hand even in Mexico. The troops sent against marauders almost invariably do their duty; and a strong President, with money to pay an

obedient army and with power to override the ordinary forms of law, might soon do much in the way of clearing the better populated and more fertile districts, and driving the scum of society into the remoter wilderness. Railways, too, are powerful counteracting forces to the vagaries and violence of outlaws; and the well-administered line from Vera Cruz to the capital is now almost altogether free from the attacks of the ordinary brigands of the country. Brigandage may perhaps be looked upon rather as a temporary, though serious, obstacle to the growing prosperity of the country than a permanent bar to all possible improvement.

DESIRABLE RESIDENCES.

THERE is wailing and mourning in the neighbourhood of Gloucester Road Station. In that district, at all events, the enterprising builder has been found out, and there is some danger lest enterprising tenants should migrate to some region less favoured by fashion, but more fortunate in its drains. The alarm is probably premature, because, however frightened house-hunters may be by such letters as those that have this week appeared in the *Standard*, they forget their terrors by degrees, and are more alive to the inconvenience of having no home than to the danger of having an unhealthy one. One of the correspondents of the *Standard* describes himself as having intended either to hire or buy a house near Gloucester Road Station, and as being deterred from doing so by the discovery that "there are no plans of the drainage and sewer-pipes, and that no one seems to know anything about it." For a time, no doubt, this gentleman's unwillingness to have anything to do with a house so ill-equipped as regards its sanitary geography will remain as masterful as it is now. By and by, however, he will find that other parts of London are equally ill provided in this respect, and that, as between two houses with unmapped drains, it is better to have one that suits him in other ways than one in which the want of a plan of the drains is only one of many other wants which, if less serious, are probably more obtrusively inconvenient. When once his reflections have taken this turn, the step to buying one of the very houses upon which his architect has reported so unfavourably will be a short one. A man has his wife or his daughters to consult in these matters, as well as his doctor or his sanitary inspector; and, unless they have already been frightened by typhoid or diphtheria, they are more likely to consider the advantages which the neighbourhood of Gloucester Road affords in the matter of afternoon teas than the fact that this cheering meal may have to be enjoyed in an atmosphere heavily charged with sewer gas. The indifference of the public to the most flagrant breaches of the most elementary sanitary laws is so deeply rooted that we have almost given up the hope of seeing anything done to put an end to them.

Yet, as regards newly-built houses at all events, the remedy is perfectly easy. In its application to houses destined for the poor it has often been preached in these columns; but it is very elastic, and perfectly capable of being applied to houses of a better class. It is simply this, that no house should be allowed to be let or sold for human habitation until it has been surveyed and reported wholesome by an official surveyor. A rule of this kind would keep the majority of those desirable residences which form the text of such letters as those in the *Standard* entirely out of the market. The rudiments of sanitary science are not so obscure that there would be any difficulty in laying down the conditions to which any house must conform before it can be described as fit for habitation. It should simply be enacted that no house should be inhabited until a plan of the drains had been deposited with the local sanitary authority, and until that authority had certified that the drains so mapped out were adequate to the work they had to do. In the particular house in which this correspondence had its origin the drains seem to have been faulty at every point. The builder had conceived a desire to ventilate them, but the pipe intended to fulfil this purpose "stopped far short of its proper altitude" and discharged the sewer-gas into a cistern from which the "daily bedroom water was obtained." In order, however, to make this nuisance less conspicuous, measures had been taken to prevent a good deal of the gas in question from ever reaching this cistern. The "drainage pipes up" and down the house were infamously leaky, so that the

sewer-gas would be impartially distributed through the atmosphere of the house, instead of being retained to pollute the water at the top. Still, if the occupier was imperfectly protected against disease generated in his own drains, he was entirely cut off from disease generated in other people's drains. The soil-pipe, instead of being connected with the main sewer, "simply made its own cesspool under the 'area flags.'" Now, supposing the builder of this house had been obliged to deposit the plans of the drains with the sanitary authority, and the sanitary authority had been bound to certify to the proper ventilation of the soil-pipe, to the soundness of the pipes passing through the house, and to the existence of a proper communication between the house drains and the main sewer, all these things would either never have been allowed to go wrong, or would have been put right before the house was lived in. The result would have been that the sickness which "DIOGENES" describes as having prevailed in the house for four or five years past would have been avoided. What there is to hinder the enactment of such a law as this we have never been able to understand. If no interference with builders were permitted, the position would be intelligible. There is always something to be said for doing nothing, and it may be argued with some apparent force that there is no more reason for interfering between a householder and his landlord, or between the builder of a house and the buyer of it, than there is for interfering between the wearer of a coat and the tailor who made it. As regards houses, however, the law already interferes. In London a Building Act of immense length and complexity is actually in force, and many things which, in comparison with such defects as those enumerated by "DIOGENES," are the merest trifles are strictly forbidden. The whole machinery of official supervision is already in being, and all that remains to be done is to apply it to drainage. It is quite clear that no house can be safely inhabited under the conditions described, and nothing could be easier than to provide that no house shall be inhabited until it has been ascertained that the conditions described do not exist.

When we come to houses already built and inhabited the difficulty is undoubtedly greater. Here the sanitary authorities are powerless, and it is not easy to see how the strength in which they are deficient can be supplied. Surveyors cannot be sent on roving commissions to pull every house in London to pieces on the chance—the very probable chance unfortunately—that something will be found amiss in it. The wholesale disturbance of existing contracts which such a crusade would cause would be productive of as much mischief as a faulty system of drainage. The tenant has in this case only himself to look to. He can refuse to take a house if he finds the drains do not do their work; and the more probable opinion seems to be that he can refuse to remain in a house where they are plainly unequal to the work they have to do. Either way, however, he must be prepared to incur expense. Still, if tenants became more alive to the importance of good drainage, the expense would soon be very much reduced. If landlords found that the condition of the drainage was habitually investigated by an intending tenant, they would be anxious to prevent the constant disappointments consequent on refusals to take houses which had been reported faulty, and with that view they would put the drains into good order once for all. So long, of course, as the great majority of tenants neither know nor care whether the drains of their house discharge themselves into the main sewer or into an extemporized cesspool underneath the basement, the few who really look into these things will have to pay for the many who take no trouble about them. The only comfort we can give them is that, even if the majority remain indifferent to the simplest requirements of health, it is worth the while of the minority to purchase the immunity from "smells and 'sickness'" which "DIOGENES" fondly thought he was to have without any special payment.

SOME PHASES OF AN OLD FEUD.

THE bitterest and the most prolonged feud that the world has yet seen is that betwixt the reviewer and the reviewed, or, to put it in the way most gracious to the latter, between the critic and the creator. So far as the outside world takes part in the quarrel, it sides always with the author or the artist. In the old legend of Apollo and Marsyas the relative position of the two is

put in the clearest light. Every one sympathizes, of course, with the Sun God; and, of all those who have followed in the wake of Marsyas, none has dared to utter a word in his favour. Passing from the time of myths to that of which some kind of record is preserved, we find Bavius and Mævius faring little better than their predecessor, and undergoing a moral flogging not greatly to be preferred to the physical castigation of Marsyas. Scarcely milder has been the treatment awarded to the critic in England; where Pope, in an immortal poem, has held up to the ridicule of future ages every species of dunce, and especially the dunce of a critic. Modern writers have invented a whole scientific terminology to express contempt for those who venture to pronounce an opinion upon their work, and have tested to the utmost the power of the microscope to discover objects small enough and degraded enough in the scale of creation to serve as illustrations or parallels.

That portion of the world which attributes the bitterness of the quarrel to the fact that it is a domestic feud—the combatants belonging, in fact, to the same family—is wanting in a sense of the fitness of things, and displays an obliquity of vision analogous to that of the man who confuses a brewer with a publican, or supposes that selling a thing in threepennyworths is not altogether different from selling the same article in scores or hundreds of pounds' worth. That the critic's profession is not wholly vile is a view which may perhaps be defended on the ground that it is occasionally assumed by the creator. Dryden scolding Shadwell, and addressing him as

Thou last great prophet of tautology!
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense;

Pope narrating how

Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But lived in Settle's numbers one day more;

and Byron deriding Coleridge as

The bard who soared to elegize an ass—

are critics for the nonce. If this view of the matter be disputed, there is a second and more complimentary view that may perhaps pass. It has been the custom, in countries in which relics of feudalism remain and influence social customs, for the mere act of crossing swords with the king to constitute a patent of nobility. A similar theory might be maintained with regard to those whom the poet, who is surely a king, challenges to the duello. To speak seriously, however, it is strange that the quarrel between author and critic should be so envenomed when it is taken into account that there are few authors of eminence who have not been critics at one time or other in their lives. The difficulty, moreover, is not met by assuming the existence of inordinate vanity on the part of the criticized, or confirmed malignity on that of the critic. There are few writers of position who will not admit that, at the outset of their careers, they received support and stimulus from the recorded praise of men who were strangers to them. Not until their position was established, probably, did they find that criticism, instead of an aid and an ally, had become an obstacle and an enemy. Jealousy on the part of the critic of the distinguished position now attained by the criticized is an easy and a flattering, albeit an absurd and utterly erroneous, explanation of the phenomenon. Those who are in the least degree behind the scenes know that all explanations which rest upon the assumption of animus in the critic are delusive and ridiculous.

It seems worth while, then, to inquire into the cause why the warm reception that generally attends all work in which there is either promise or performance should in many instances be succeeded by coldness, or what looks even like hostility. Some more or less familiar analogies will do something towards explaining how this may occur without there being the slightest room for a charge of disloyalty or unkindness. Who that has mixed much with his fellow-creatures and "seen many men and cities" has failed to encounter once or twice in his life some person whose exceptional brilliancy of mind, originality of thought, extent of information, or the like, has seemed to put to shame the more commonplace possessions or faculties of older friends? An intimacy is eagerly sought and obtained. As time passes on, however, the method and the range of accomplishments of the new friend become apparent. Every meeting divests him of a part of the glamour with which he was at first surrounded, and in the end he stands before you a worthy and an able fellow nowise distinguishable from a score of others in whose intimacy you rejoice. We have here a complete illustration of the effect produced by some great luminary who "swims into our ken." When a new volume of poems, for instance, appears in which the presence of the divine afflatus is distinctly revealed, everything about it is new, startling, and calculated to provoke admiration or opposition. One volume is enough to disclose the possession of genius; two or three volumes indicate, except in the case of a really great man, the nature of his method and the limit of his powers. It is frequently said that an author is his own worst enemy, and that the comparison with his own previous accomplishments is the most dangerous to which he can be subject. This is true so far as it detracts from his originality and shows him to be copying himself. It is impossible to imagine an audience finding recollections of *Macbeth* spoiling its enjoyment of *Hamlet*, or thoughts of the *Tempest* interfering with the pleasure derived from *As You Like It*. *Pickwick* did not stand in the way of *David Copperfield*,

Vanity Fair did not detract from *Esmond*, *Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois* spoilt nowise the flavour of *La Légende des Siècles*. As soon, however, as signs of limitation of power are afforded, the author's past work stands in the way of his present.

There is, however, another source of disagreement between author and critic which differs from the foregoing, though it is related to it. This is perhaps best illustrated in the case of the actor. Graces of style have a perpetual tendency to develop into tricks or to harden into mannerisms. A man who has lived long and kept his eyes open can recognize the grimace in the smile, and can see in the very charms of youth what will in time become quaint, curious, or repellent. It is impossible for an observer to pass along the streets without noticing the marvellously fantastic appearances into which faces occasionally harden. A trick of turning up one side of the upper lip, for instance, which in a young person exercises over another of opposite sex a witchery so great that a face without such a trick is incapable of greatly pleasing, produces sooner or later a partial distortion of feature; a constant elevation of the eyebrows may communicate in time an expression of absolute imbecility. Here again a serviceable, if not an exact, analogy is supplied. An actor while still young comes on the stage, and displays more or less fitness. As criticism is for the most part masculine, let us suppose the artist to be a woman. She obtains almost to a certainty a warm reception, very probably an amount of eulogy absolutely misleading. As she plays, however, and finds the reward of laughter or applause that attends upon certain graces, she repeats them until they become tricks. In the end she is probably *maniérée*, or affected with vices of style that approach caricature. One of the most distinguished English-speaking actresses this age has seen has thus accentuated her style until it has reached absolute caricature, and is so artificial and false that it ceases to claim recognition as art. It would be easy from those now on the stage to draw further illustrations. The actress, then, whose *début* elicited a verdict unanimously favourable, and who at the outset found the critics her allies and friends, when she fails to obtain equally favourable notice, not only says, but believes, that some motive is at work. She has passed unintentionally some slight upon her censors; she has neglected to propitiate them in some unknown fashion; they are—for the range of feminine conjecture is wide—in love with a rival. Any reason is good except the right one.

The actress has been selected as illustrating this analogy for the reason that in her case it is most easily apparent. It holds true, however, in every form of literature and art. There are few men whose work in its developed beauty is equal to the supposed promise of its youth; there are not a few in whose writings mannerisms exercise a most disturbing influence. It would be ungracious to mention names of living writers or those recently dead in support of this view. Who is there that is familiar with literature that has not grown tired of a crabbedness of style in dealing with historical subjects which, for a time, had a pleasant smack of originality? Who, in "sensational" fiction, has not felt annoyance when the pardon accorded in the case of one work of transcendent interest to a faulty and inartistic device has induced the author to incorporate into his method and employ constantly that which is barely condonable in a single instance? Who has not felt that the practice of assigning in an especial degree to the Almighty the things it was sought to render impressive, and speaking of "God's sunlight" as though moonlight or starlight belonged to some other power, produced in the end a sense of weariness? It is, of course, vices of style which are most easily and most constantly copied by the disciples whom a great man is sure to attract. *Marivaudage* was not incorporated into the French language as an indication of affected refinement of style on the sole strength of Marivaux. The style known as Byronic derived its name from the followers of the poet, not from the poet himself. In the poet, however, might be found the mannerism the full ugliness of which was more easily discernible in a more commonplace visage. It is natural, and indeed inevitable, that the change of front of criticism, when, after commencing with eulogy, it continues or ends with censure, should produce in the writer or the artist a feeling of depression or defeat, the more so as a similar change is likely to be manifested by the public. Not seldom the artist or the poet whose nature is the more feminine is stung to something like frenzy. The serene atmosphere of Olympus even is troubled when, instead of the voice of adoration, there mounts that of complaint, and the singer who would scorn to measure swords with the critic may yet stoop to counsel in rebuke:—

Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit.

The more virile, if more commonplace, organization may learn from censure lessons of the highest value. To the actor to whom applause is the very breath of the nostrils the absence of the required support or stimulus means death. A singular and deplorable instance of the truth of this is found in the career of a great artist recently dead. When, with a reputation from the Odéon and the Théâtre Français, Fechter appeared in London, he caused a pother with which the most exacting of men might have been satisfied. His Hamlet stirred more interest and provoked more discussion than perhaps any previous performance of Shakespeare within the memory of the present generation. *Ruy Blas*, the *Corsican Brothers*, and other impersonations on which it is needless to dwell, showed the versatility and the power of the actor, but indicated also his range. The public did not fail the artist; it simply assigned him his place

—a high one—among his fellows. To the average mind this is success and distinction; to the artist alone can it present any suggestion of defeat. An ill-judged expedition to America, and a star the less in an English firmament not too richly studded, were the consequence of criticism, professional and popular, assigning a fine actor his proper place in the hierarchy of his art.

It is of course hopeless to think of ever making a real peace between the two powers who are thus at constant feud. In times when the recording of a literary verdict took the shape of moral arraignment, and when rashness or innovation in matters of expression was held to justify the imputation of every form of personal depravity, criticism was not more unpalatable to the creator than it is now, when, in the freely expressed opinion of the outside world, it is not seldom indulgent to an extent that deprives it of all claim to consideration. Without going back to the time of Salmasius, one has only to read the recorded verdicts of men like Jeffrey, or even of Leigh Hunt, to notice the change that has come over criticism. The same voice that used to roar so that it would "do any man's heart good to hear" is now so "aggravated" that it roars "you as gently as any sucking dove," and yet it fails to please. The position, indeed, seems not unlike that of the hangman, with regard to the subject in his hands, who found that, whichever way the noose was adjusted, there was no pleasing its occupant.

M. RENAN AS A LITERARY THEOLOGIAN.

THE very interesting and suggestive paper on "Ernest Renan" which Mr. Saintsbury has contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* opens with a disclaimer of any intention to deal "with matters theological." And neither shall we deal with them in the sense of discussing the truth or falsehood of M. Renan's theological views. But the characteristic peculiarities, and, as we should be disposed to call them, characteristic faults, of M. Renan's theological method, are so strictly analogous to the peculiarities of his literary method generally, if not identical with them, that the one cannot be criticized without virtually criticizing the other also. And in fact a great deal of Mr. Saintsbury's criticism does apply equally to both, even where he is not expressly noticing what must, we suppose, be considered M. Renan's principal works, and those by which he is certainly best known in this country, his six volumes on the *Origins of Christianity*. We may go further and say that M. Renan's characteristic weaknesses are distinctively those of a theologian, while it is in subjects of this kind that he appears to be chiefly interested. And here Mr. Saintsbury will bear us out, for he observes, very justly, that "M. Renan's two wings are the abstractions which are called, in the technical terms of theology and morals, spirituality and unction"; and again that he has a special tendency not so much to put himself in the place of the subjects criticized, as "to improve them, in the ecclesiastical sense, that is to say, to use their history and peculiarities for the purpose of illustrating his own ethical, religious, and political ideas." And he tells us further that the *hautes études* which M. Renan is so anxious to see more energetically cultivated in France do not include mathematics or abstract philosophy, but do include the study of religion. All this may be partly due to his ecclesiastical training, but at any rate it is a fact, which alone concerns us here. We conceive then that in examining M. Renan's speciality in that character by which he is most familiarly and widely known to English readers, and which moreover appears most naturally to belong to him, we shall at the same time be indicating his literary speciality generally. And here we find ourselves in substantial agreement with Mr. Saintsbury's estimate. He has very happily taken for his point of departure what he holds to be a fair summary of the unfriendly, but not therefore unconstructive, critique of Merimee on M. Renan, as a writer whose aim is "to dress up life in bright colours and agreeable forms, and to express these in somewhat effusive and voluble language, full of unction, and of appeals to the heart, the sentiments, and the religious principle." For the last words we should be inclined to substitute "religious feeling"; "religious principle," as will appear, is precisely what M. Renan not only never appeals to, but instinctively repudiates or ignores.

The point too which we should fix upon as supplying the key to M. Renan's theological method, and which shall be illustrated presently from the latest of his public manifestoes—the lecture he delivered a fortnight ago on the Emperor Marcus Aurelius—may be gathered from the following very pertinent comment on the *Vie de Jésus*:—

To take a connected narrative and reject such details as happen not to square with preconceived ideas, while admitting the others; to reject a prophecy as obviously false, and take it up next minute as a trustworthy history of the events *à posteriori*; to see in a reported miracle, not an imposture, but an innocent distortion of some ordinary fact—all this seems at first sight to partake decidedly more of the spirit of *Dichtung* than of *Wahrheit*.

A page or two later the reviewer remarks that M. Renan's next work, *Les Apôtres*, has been, not without considerable reason, designated a romance. He prefers himself to call it "a conjectural restoration of history"; but the distinction of name is immaterial, for he at once adds, what is obvious, that "all conjectural restorations incline to the romantic." Now it is exactly this systematic preference of *Dichtung* to *Wahrheit*, or rather substitution of the one for the other, that lies at the root of M. Renan's entire

method. It is not that he has formed a wrong judgment as to what is the truth—that question would of course necessarily open the way to endless differences of opinion—or even that he is careless about it; it is that he refuses on principle to inquire whether there is any truth at all, and insists that, whether there is or not, our best wisdom is to remain in ignorance of it. "His gospel," according to his critic, "may certainly be said to be a vague gospel." It would be more accurate to say that vagueness is the essence of his gospel. Mr. Saintsbury's article closes with the expression of his anticipated interest in M. Renan's forthcoming volume on Marcus Aurelius. We have already the advantage of knowing something more about it than Mr. Saintsbury did at the time of writing, from the full reports which have since appeared of M. Renan's elaborate lecture on that subject at the Royal Institution. And it does certainly illustrate and accentuate with remarkable distinctness the impression we had gathered from other sources of his leading principle. The crowning merit of the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius is declared to consist in his affirming no dogma, and having no dogma to affirm. To read them "leaves in the mind a void at once delicious and cruel, which one would not give in exchange for complete satisfaction." The writer is a perfect ideal precisely because "he floats between pure theism, polytheism, and a sort of cosmical pantheism," and had no "determinate religion," or "speculative philosophy," and "had formed no idea about the soul and immortality." A passage from one of his Hibbert Lectures about "a fatherly glance looking over the universe" has been frequently quoted of late as evidence of a recantation of scepticism or an avowal of theism on M. Renan's part. It would not be difficult to quote other passages from the lectures looking in an opposite direction, and the lecturer himself would have no desire to disclaim or explain away the contradiction; he tells us plainly in his latest lecture that he "wants the future world to remain a riddle," and, if any "brutish proof" were offered, would refuse to go and see it. It was the special praise of the Imperial philosopher that "his theology was made up of contradictions, and he never cared to put himself in harmony with himself as to God and the soul." This is at least plain speaking, and it is fully borne out by the testimony of M. Renan's previous works. It is not simply, as we have already intimated, that there is a negative side to his theology, or even that it is chiefly made up of negations owing to the large number of questions on which certainty appears to him unattainable. To him theology is nothing, if not negative; negation is the very breath of its life, the atmosphere in which it lives and moves and has its being. To grasp at certainties is to sacrifice ideal perfection, and the true gospel blessing is for those who have not believed, because they have steadily refused to see. There is a sort of vulgarity in pinning one's faith on facts; and Christianity is not the less beautiful for being based on an *Aberglaube*. "The needs which Christianity represents will abide eternally," and have been admirably satisfied in the past by a creed which owes its success to the happy accident of the zeal of a female enthusiast who secured currency for the fable of the Resurrection.

It is clear of course that the habit of thought which finds expression in such views as these cannot be confined to any one subject-matter. M. Renan applies it to history and philosophy just as much as to theology. His conjectural emendations of history are not restricted to the apostolic age. We do not mean to imply that he deliberately romances. Mr. Saintsbury may be quite right in saying that there is a sobriety about him which certain historians of the same general character in England might do well to imitate, and that "he is not in the habit of basing rhetorical generalizations upon nothing at all." We have italicized the last words, because his generalizations are undoubtedly apt to be based on a very slender induction. When his critic affirms that "he can rarely be accused of actual exaggeration," we must presume exaggeration of detailed points of fact to be intended. He had himself called attention not long before to the wonderful meanings extracted by M. Renan out of the callous knees and golden mitre of St. James the Less, which the Apostle himself would probably have been the first to repudiate, and he points out soon afterwards how his whole conception of the middle ages is not so much an exaggeration as a paradox. To describe that period of European history as "representing intellectually nothing but groping after a return to antiquity," is a startling specimen of "conjectural restoration," to say the least of it. And the explanation is not far to seek. It is not the religious aspect of the middle ages, as such, that repels M. Renan; it might even have its attractions for him. But there was a sternness, a decision, a terrible earnestness about that phase of social life, which he cannot away with; the warlike temper is especially distasteful to him. And as in history and theology, so in speculation, he dislikes what is peremptory and precise. Marcus Aurelius, as we have seen, is commended for his freedom from positive beliefs in philosophy as well as in religion. Scholasticism and modern German philosophy are alike coldly, if not harshly, dismissed. There is not sufficient warmth, and brightness, and human interest about them, and in philosophy, as in religion, the notion of attaining abstract truth is a mistake. "Science will for ever pursue without ever attaining the formula of this Proteus." It seems hardly respectful to speak of "gush" in connexion with so accomplished and brilliant a writer, yet there is a sense in which it would not be incorrect—as Mr. Saintsbury himself hints in one passage—to say that a certain highly idealized and picturesque form of gushing is characteristic of his literary method throughout.

This is the impression inevitably produced by his style and manner on readers, and still more on hearers, of his brilliant periods, particularly on English readers, who are apt to grow a little impatient of being cloyed with "delicious" and "charming" and "ravishing" and "exquisite" morsels in almost every page. But this too belongs to the literature of edification, especially in its French variety. And M. Renan, as was observed before, is always improving the occasion. He would have created a sensation second only, if second, to Lacordaire in the pulpit of Notre Dame. It is hardly perhaps a gratuitous suggestion that he may yet cherish the hope of one day appearing there. Mr. Saintsbury expects to find in his promised volume on Marcus Aurelius "a development of the eloquent projects of reformation in which he has more than once hinted that the Church of Rome might, if she would consider the things that belong unto her peace, be called upon to bear a part." We ourselves pointed out on a previous occasion that M. Renan had in him the elements of an Ultramontane as well as of a sceptic. A Christianity which is not Catholicism, or a Catholicism not predominantly Roman, is to him scarcely intelligible; and Protestantism, if it is understood to mean a protest against the assumed false doctrines of the rival system, is self-convicted of repeating in an aggravated form the original blunder of dogmatizing about truth. The future of Christianity, if it is to have a future, must inevitably be bound up in his mind with the continued spiritual dominion of Rome. And to him it would not appear incongruous, or beyond the range of at least distant possibilities, that Rome should consent to take the lead in some grand scheme of social regeneration, which began by relegating to the category of open questions what have hitherto been regarded by every Church, and indeed in every religious system which has exerted an influence among men, as elementary postulates of the very idea of a religion. There is a practical difficulty about this view which can scarcely have escaped his notice, but which probably does not trouble him. Let us grant for argument's sake the abstract perfection of the creed, or rather creedlessness, of the Stoic Emperor. It may have been "delicious," but, on his panegyrist's own showing, it did not prove a working religion, but much the reverse. Facts are stubborn things, and we are afraid that the Church, whether Roman or non-Roman, will pertinaciously decline to accept the programme M. Renan kindly offers her, and would infallibly bring herself and her "seriously modified" Christianity to rapid destruction, if she did accept it.

ISLE OF WIGHT ELECTIONS BEFORE THE REFORM BILL.

NOW that the country has just been passing through the excitement and turmoil of a general election, it may not be out of place to take a glance backward into the past and see how they managed elections in the good old days before the Reform Bill. The district from which we shall draw our examples is the Isle of Wight, in whose electoral history we can as clearly trace the successive epochs in the development of our representative system as in its geological structure we discern the phenomena of stratification. It is somewhat difficult to realize the fact that half a century since, at a time when Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds had been long knocking in vain at the doors of St. Stephen's, this sleepy little island, with a population then numbering only twenty thousand, should have been represented in the House of Commons by not fewer than six members. These members were assigned in pairs to the boroughs of Newport, Yarmouth, and Newtown, of which the last two had sunk to the level, the one of a small village, the other of a sparsely populated hamlet. But, small as the population of these boroughs was, the inhabitants had no share whatever in the return of their nominal representatives. The whole number of so-called electors in the three collectively fell short of a hundred, and these, like obedient peace-loving burgesses, never presumed to have a will of their own, but voted according to the behests of the two or three leading families who then swayed the politics of the island. A solicitor of Newport has boasted, in the memory of persons still living, that he absolutely returned five out of the six members, and that the sixth, if he (the solicitor) frowned upon him, would stand but a poor chance of securing his seat. It is fair, however, to add that this gentleman is not commemorated as having ever sent to Parliament representatives for supporting whom their friends had afterwards to apologize. It is not surprising that the Reform Act ruthlessly disfranchised the two smallest boroughs, and, taking away one member, threw the franchise open at the only town of the three, Newport, that had any claim to Parliamentary honours.

The Parliamentary history of the Isle of Wight is the Parliamentary history of England in little. It dates, like that, from 1295, "the real and true epoch of the House of Commons," as Hume has called it. Among the burgesses then first bidden to the "Great Council of the Realm" from every city, borough, and leading town, to sit side by side with the knights, nobles, and barons, was one from each of the towns of Newport and Yarmouth. Newtown—or "Franchville," as it is called in the original charter of Aymer, Bishop of Winchester, of whose episcopal manor of Swainston it had formed a member from the time of Egbert—had suffered too severely from piratical raids, the frequent recurrence of which, fostered by the easy landing and safe anchorage afforded by its muddy inlet, were its eventual ruin, to substantiate

a claim for representation. But the Parliamentary dignity of the Isle of Wight was suspended almost as soon as it began. The Parliament of 1295 seems to have been the only one for nearly three centuries in which any members for the Island sat. This, as we all know, was by no means an exceptional fact. The now much coveted honour of returning members to Parliament was, at the end of the thirteenth century, regarded as so burdensome a privilege—involving, as it did, the payment of two shillings a day for the maintenance of their representative—that the boroughs used all means in their power to get rid of it. More than a third of the 165 boroughs which obeyed the King's writ in 1295 contented themselves with a single compliance with the Royal summons. The decayed town or village of Brading on the eastern side of the Island, though its name does not appear on the Rolls of Parliament, is believed on good grounds to have had a representative assigned to it, and to have been relieved of the burden on its own petition. Whether Newport and Yarmouth resorted to this ignominious means of self-extinction, or whether they were unable to find representatives able and willing to undergo the expense and trouble of a journey to Westminster, we are not informed. Even in James I.'s time old Sir John Oglander tells us that the well-to-do islanders seldom or never crossed the Solent, "making their wills when they went to London, thinking it like an East India voyage; supposing no trouble like to travail," and holding so little intercourse with the outside world that they were content to entrust their letters, when they had any, to "a coneyman who came from London to buy rabbits."

Whatever may have been the cause, the right of returning representatives for the boroughs of the Island slept till 1585, when Elizabeth, with the view of neutralizing by management an opposition which the Crown could no longer overawe, made a large increase to the numbers of the House of Commons—"some indeed," to quote Mr. Green, from "places entitled to representation by their wealth and population; but the bulk of them small towns or hamlets which lay wholly at the disposal of the Royal Council." The insignificance of Yarmouth and Newtown (which were now for the first time created Parliamentary constituencies) shows clearly enough the Queen's object. And here, at any rate, disappointing as was the result elsewhere, her end was fully attained. Nothing like an independent exercise of the franchise was known in the Isle of Wight from the first. The right of appointing one of the members, "for us and in our names," was at once made over by the burgesses of Newport to the spirited "Captain of the Isle," Sir George Carey, Elizabeth's first cousin, "during his natural life," as a token of gratitude for the restoration of their electoral privileges. At Yarmouth, left a heap of smoking ruins by the French in 1544, and even at the beginning of the last century scarcely numbering eighty houses, both the representatives were nominated by Carey from the beginning. A curious picture of the way members were then returned is afforded by a letter of Carey's, then become Lord Hunsdon, to the Corporation of Yarmouth, September 10, 1601, desiring that,

inasmuch as I was the Means and Procurer of the Libertie for your Corporation, you will with all the Convenience you may, assemble yourselfs together, and with y^e united Consent send up unto Me (as heretofore you have done), y^e Writ with a Blank, wherein I may insert the Names of such Persons as I shall think fittest to discharge the Dewtie for your Behoofe.

Sir George Carey's successors in the Governorship—a title which, not without protest from the independent gentry of the Island, began to take the place of the old "Captaincy"—did not allow the prerogatives of their office to lessen in their hands. A letter from Henry Wriothesley, Lord Southampton, who followed Carey as Governor, to the burgesses of Yarmouth, who had ventured to promise a vacant seat without consulting his wishes, shows that the slightest approach to independence of choice was sufficient to awaken the warmest indignation. This letter, which we copy from an autograph, and which has, we believe, never before been printed, runs thus:—

To my loving Frenches the Mair and Burgessis of Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight.

Whitehall this 19 of Februar. 1603.

It cannot but be straunge unto mee that by waie of prevention and cunninge you have provided rather to make excuse then to yeelede satisfaction to my reasonable requeste. I should approve y^e reasonable answers concerninge Mr. Cheeke if first you had acquainted mee therewith. Your forhand promise made I shall find means to prevent, and shall have occasion to note your little love and respects to mee your Countryman and friend. In that I am not satisfied with y^e former answers I have sente my servaunt unto you desiring that you give him hearing that by him you maie more plainlie understande my mynde. So expecting y^e kynde usage I remaine

Your lovinge friend

H. SOUTHAMPTON.

So alarming a menace had the desired effect. At the next election, in 1614, Lord Southampton's eldest son, Thomas Wriothesley, made application for one of the seats; as a matter of course he was returned, and sat for the borough till his father's death transferred him to the House of Peers. We append the letter of Wriothesley—or, as he signs himself, "Risley," a curious example of the phonetic spelling of the day—which has never before been printed:—

To the worthy my verie lovinge frenches Mr. Thomas Cheeke, Esq^r, Mr. Barnaby Leigh, Mr. Thomas Urry, Mr. James Gyer, and the rest of the Burgessis of the Town of Yarmouth.

Sir,—To y^e letter wh was directed to my Lord for disposing of Burgessships for the parliament, Captain Burleigh that is a member of y^e toun

hath receyvd answers. Neither is it his Lordship's pleasure to name any other than Mr. Bromfield, that hath bene formerly named by you to one of them, leavinge the other to be disposed of you. Yet this it pleased his Lordship to say, that if the towne would willingly doe me the favour to name me for the second, he w^d take it from you as great respect done unto his Lordship. And since I am well known to you and some of the Burgessis of the Corporation, I shall desire yours & their voyces herein, which I shall deserve on any occasion you shall use me in, and always rest

Y^e verie assured lovinge friend

THO. RISLEY.

The influence of the Governor was equally great in the little borough of Newtown. On the occasion of a vacancy Southampton writes thus:—

The 16 of Apr [year lost].

To Sir William Mewes, Member for Newtown.

Sir,—I wrote lately unto you to desire that upon the sendinge of a new writt you would change the name of the Burgess of Newtown wh you bestowd upon mee, Mr. George Stowton beeing chosen for Galford & serving in Parl. for that towne. I have now sent you the writt, prayinge you to make choice of Sir Henry Barkley, & to returne the Indenture of Election unto mee as sone as conveniently you may, & I will account my self behowldinge to you for it, and so recommendinge my self kindly unto you

I rest your very assured friend

H. SOUTHAMPTON.

When Charles I., after eleven years of personal government, by the advice of Strafford and Laud summoned the "Short Parliament" in the spring of 1640, William Oglander, a son of the staunch Royalist, Sir John Oglander, of Nunwell, their previous member, was chosen, with Philip Lord Lisle, by the Corporation of Yarmouth to represent them. The choice was not at all to the young man's liking. He was a hot-headed, imperious young fellow, and rated the Corporation soundly for imposing duties on him which he seems to have thought beneath his dignity. They were "an ill-bred company of fools and loggerheads," "a meaner man than he might have served their turn," "What good or harm could he do them?" "He might make the town bear his charges, but he would not be so base as that," "but he would be quits with them." The good women in whose hearing he had poured out his discontent—both burgesses' wives—Mistresses Hyde and Burley—the latter the wife of Captain Barnabas Burley, tried and executed at Winchester in 1647 for a rash and utterly unsuccessful attempt to raise the people of Newport for the release of Charles I., who about a month before had become a prisoner at Carisbrooke Castle—notwithstanding the earnest entreaty of Oglander's serving-man that "there might be no words of what his young master had spoken," told their husbands what had occurred. The matter appeared so grave to the sapient Corporation that a meeting was summoned to consider the headstrong young man's "misdemeanour," at which he was solemnly "dismissed and excluded" from his office, as being "altogether unfit to be a Burgess for the Parliament," "John Bulkeley, Esq^r," being chosen in his room. After a three weeks' sitting, the Parliament was, as we know, roughly dismissed, to be succeeded in November by the "Long Parliament," in which Bulkeley sat for Newtown with Sir John Barrington, being "voted in by the House of Commons in the room of Sir John Mewes and Mr. Weston"—we presume on petition.

The Burgesses of Yarmouth made another ineffectual attempt to assert their independence when, at the close of the century, Sir John Cutts—the daring hero of William III.'s campaigns, who, having shown himself "the bravest of the brave" at the battle of the Boyne, gained the nickname of the "Salamander" by his gallantry at the siege of Namur—retired to the Governorship of the Island as a comfortable sinecure, 1692–1706. The imperious old General, accustomed to military obedience, sought to overawe the electors by arbitrarily quartering soldiers on them, and threatening those who refused to follow his dictation that he would "use his power over them as enemies to the Government," and actually imprisoned one of the clergy of the Island for two months in West Cowes Castle for voting against his interest. The burgesses having petitioned against these "illegal and arbitrary acts," the old fire-eater,

As brave and brainless as the sword he wore,

was brought to reason, and a compact was come to between him and the Worsleys, and the other leading inhabitants of the island, for "a sincere and lasting friendship;" in which, however, Cutts came off victorious, an engagement being entered into that "the Governor's recommendation, when any persons stand for Parliament men, should be preferred to any others not being of the Island." Cutts's predecessor, the unscrupulous soldier of fortune, Sir Robert Holmes (1667–1692)—who, joining the other service, reached the highest naval dignity for his exploits against the Dutch—founded a family (now represented in the female line by Lord Heytesbury), which adroitly secured to itself the lion's share of the representation of the island. Before the Reform Bill, the two members for Newport, as well as those for Yarmouth, were nominated by the Holmes interest. It was also influential at Newtown, though partly neutralized there by the union of the Worsleys and the Barringtons, who together possessed the greater part of the thirty-nine small plots of ground known as "burgage tenements," which conferred the right to vote. This "patronage" was swept away by the Act of 1832, which reduced the representatives of the Island to a third of their previous number, giving one to Newport and one to the "County of the Isle of Wight." Before this Act the members for Newport were nominally elected by the twenty-four corporators, whose freedom of choice was about on a par with that

of a Dean and Chapter under a "*congé d'élire*," the inhabitants usually knowing nothing of the fact of the election till they heard the bells ring for the successful candidates. At Yarmouth the choice of members was also vested in the burgesses, who, nearly all unconnected with the place, were chosen from private friendship or connexion with the family of Holmes, as a convenient instrument for retaining the political patronage of the borough. Their numbers were reduced to the narrowest possible limits in order to guard against the possibility of opposition, nine being the largest number of electors who had polled for thirty years before its disfranchisement.

The ceremony of election in the Isle of Wight boroughs was, we are told, "a very simple and agreeable one, a dinner constituting its chief and most popular feature." At these times the dilapidated Court House at Newtown—there was little difference in the proceedings at Yarmouth—was the scene of protracted feasting. At noon the burgesses sat down to an oyster luncheon, for which the lessee of the haven was bound to find the staple material. Before the delicate molluscs had been fairly digested the company assembled again for a plentiful cold dinner, washed down with abundance of port, claret, sherry, and strong ales. Then the chairman drew from his pocket a card bearing the names of the two new members. These he read aloud, when they were at once proposed and elected, and their health was drunk "with the utmost enthusiasm."

Let us turn for a moment to another and perhaps equally important side of the picture. The argument currently urged fifty years since for the continuance of these "nomination boroughs," that they opened the door of the House to rising young statesmen, and secured the return of men whose presence was essential to the satisfactory conduct of public business, was strikingly exemplified in the Isle of Wight. It was as member for Newtown that Canning was first brought into Parliament by Pitt in 1793. The Duke of Wellington, then "General Sir Arthur Wellesley," entered the English House of Commons as representative for Newport, his fellow-member being "Henry, Lord Palmerston"; and Lord Lyndhurst, then Sir John Copley, was returned in 1818 as representative for Yarmouth, for which Sir Philip Francis had sat in 1784. The electoral history of the Isle of Wight is distinguished by other great names. In the Long Parliament Lord Falkland, the purest patriot of the Royalist cause, sat for Newport, and Philip, Lord Lisle, the gallant brother of Algernon Sidney, for Yarmouth; while the green lanes and humble cottages of that *nominis umbra*, Newtown, recall the memories of John Churchill, the future victor at Blenheim, and the whilom tailor's boy of Niton, Sir Thomas Hopson, the hero of Vigo Bay, who were returned as its members in 1678 and 1705 respectively.

VILLAGE DOCTORS.

FOR a man who is fond of his profession, and enjoys outdoor life and amusements, the position of a country doctor has many advantages. Though not so profitable as a town practice, it is more certain; for there is generally less competition, the abilities required for a successful career are not so great, and, above all, there is not the same necessity for an elaborate keeping up of appearances. A village doctor with sporting tastes has, as a rule, sufficient opportunities of enjoying his favourite amusements without interfering with more serious affairs. The delights of a day's shooting are, like other pleasures, increased by their comparative rarity, and lose nothing even from the knowledge that they may be at any moment interrupted. The doctor's social position, too, is generally agreeable enough. People whose main object in life is the attainment of rank among county families may hesitate to visit him; but those who are already safely established within that mysterious circle can afford to be less particular, and the estimation in which a newly-arrived doctor is held by them will depend very much upon his taste for rabbit-shooting and his powers of riding across country. If he is a bachelor, he will find himself even a more interesting object than the curate to all but the most devoutly disposed spinsters of the place; for, as it is an axiom that a doctor must be a married man, there is more ground for immediate hope in his case than in the other. We once knew a young doctor who was negotiating for a practice which was offered to him on very advantageous terms, and would certainly have concluded the bargain but for a hint that he was expected to take over with the practice his predecessor's only daughter. A little local influence is of great importance to a beginner. What are known as the "appointments"—the Workhouse, if there is one, and the various benefit clubs, "The Independent Odd Fellows," "The United Mechanics," and "The Amalgamated Ploughmen"—form, if not the most remunerative, at any rate the most trustworthy, sources of income. Moreover, their possession acts as an advertisement; they lead to private practice; and a doctor, even though he may not care to have them, can seldom afford to leave them to a rival.

There is no science which has to be so much modified by reference to popular prejudice and superstition as medicine. A young doctor may come fresh from his hospital course, full of sound theories on the conditions necessary to health, and on the impotence of drugs to counteract an unwholesome way of life; he may resolve never to give medicine unnecessarily, or to "exhibit" elaborate remedies when simple ones will answer his purpose; but he will soon find that he must either alter his determination

or lose his patients. Since the days of Naaman the Syrian, simple remedies have always been suspected by the ignorant, and to suggest to a dyspeptic farmer that his illness may be cured by such commonplace means as abstinence from indigestible food, or reduction of his consumption of beer and spirits, is regarded by the patient as a gross personal insult. It is a reflection on his constitution, and tends to reduce his malady to the level of ordinary ailments. Such people are apt to argue, like Mr. Nadgett in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, that it is their own liver, and they ought to know whether there is anything seriously the matter with it or not. Many of them, moreover, do not, to borrow the language of *Henry's Latin Exercises*, eat to live, but live to eat, and they hold that a bottle of good strong physic at once relieves the system from the uncomfortable effects of over-indulgence, and clears the way for further gratification of the appetite. Any ulterior consequences of such a method will concern the doctor should they ever arise, and meanwhile they are too remote to come within the sphere of practical hygiene. Patients of this class, too, are always very anxious to get their money's worth, which they measure by the size of the medicine bottle, just as they judge of the doctor's skill by the strength of his drugs. However excellent his intentions, the time comes when he finds it necessary to give up his common-sense methods of treatment, and to order an extra supply of Epsom salts, and such cheap medicines, from his druggist. He has still, however, something to learn before he is fully qualified to minister to the tastes of his clients. A simple solution of Epsom salts is colourless, and is therefore regarded with suspicion. It leaves too much to the imagination, and does not by its mere appearance inspire that implicit faith which it is so desirable to kindle in the patient's mind. The idea of strength is what must be conveyed, and therefore those delicate tints of transparent red and clear golden yellow with which a town chemist delights his lady customers are quite out of place, for they are suggestive of refinement rather than power. The judicious doctor adds to the row of bottles on his surgery shelves a large one containing a dark brown viscous fluid. A few drops of this impart to the most harmless-looking mixture a richness of colour which carries conviction with it, and even induces patients to pass over any deficiency of nastiness in the matter of taste. This bottle is regarded with awe and admiration by all who are admitted into the surgery; and until a beneficent Government has introduced the study of Latin into village schools, country people are not likely to discover that the mysterious words SACCH: UST: which appear on the label mean nothing more or less than burnt sugar. Meanwhile this one bottle does more than any amount of tact on the part of the doctor to reconcile medical science with vulgar prejudice. But, while he must be careful not to wound the delicate susceptibilities of his patients by prying too closely into the secrets of their inner man, he must be fully as cautious not to offend the squire of the parish. It is obviously not his business to point out that an outbreak of typhoid may result from the open drain which runs past a row of cottages, or to suggest that rheumatism is attributable to damp floors, and bronchitis to badly built walls. His function is to cure disease, not to prevent it, nor to make the tenantry discontented with their position by airing his sanitary crazes. As his office of physician in ordinary to the servants at the Hall depends on his deference in such matters to the squire's opinion, he is wise not to raise those questions which the outbreak of an epidemic or the prevalence of colds and agues may suggest.

Even if the village doctor contrives to make his practice square with the theories of his patients and the interests of their landlord, he still has powerful rivals to contend with. The nearest market town is probably overcrowded with doctors, who try to enlarge their practice by encroaching upon the sphere of any country practitioner within their reach. The smart cab or neat brougham of the town physician inspires the rustics with a reverence which the familiar gig has no power to excite; while the liveried groom or coachman seems a very different being from the youthful factotum whose temporary dignity, gained by a seat at his master's side, is sadly diminished by his subsequent appearance in his shirt sleeves to carry a bottle of medicine to a labourer's cottage. On the slightest provocation, and often without any at all, the fickle villagers transfer their patronage to the more imposing equipage, and by consequence to its owner. On the other side the country doctor is threatened by the bone-setter, who has gained a reputation through the whole county by certain wonderful cures, and still more, perhaps, by the reckless audacity with which he sets to work. He visits every market town within a radius of twenty miles, receives his patients in the coffee-room of an inn, and handles their injured limbs with a roughness which gives them the most exquisite pain, and inspires them with the utmost confidence in his powers. His freely-expressed contempt for doctors gains him the good opinion of the ignorant, who are glad to believe that a man evidently not a gentleman can in any way look down upon those who have the advantage of him in this respect. He will work a stiffened joint backwards and forwards for some minutes, and then calmly ask his victim whether it is not much more flexible now. In the case of a long-standing sprain, he will take away his patient's crutch and order him to walk across the room without it. His ability to do so causes the patient himself great surprise, and is put down by some mysterious process of reasoning to the skill of the bone-setter. If by any fortunate chance he succeeds in a case where a regular doctor has failed, he knows how to

have the cure noised abroad through the country; but the more numerous instances in which his failures have to be remedied by duly qualified surgeons are somehow never heard of. Doctors regard him with as much affection as the rector feels for an open-air preacher who establishes himself on the village green, and despise him even more than a physician professes to despise general practitioners. In some parts of England the doctor has to contend with the grossest ignorance and superstition among the country folk, and finds among his rivals some who are the objects rather of ridicule than of jealousy. The belief in witchcraft has by no means died out among the lower classes. In Devonshire, for instance, people will travel miles to consult a "white witch," and we lately heard of a doctor who was called in to see a patient suffering from asthma, and found the man sitting on a low stool in front of the fire, while one of his grandchildren inserted the nozzle of the bellows inside his shirt-collar, and kept up a steady blast down his back. It appeared on inquiry that this proceeding had been recommended by a witch of high repute as a charm unfailing in its results.

However others may come and go, the doctor is always sure of his club patients, those fortunate persons who, for an annual payment of about four shillings, are entitled to such attendance and medicine as they may require. Every morning sees a gathering of them in the waiting-room. First perhaps comes a servant girl with a swollen cheek tied up in a complicated arrangement of bandages and handkerchiefs. She has put off the evil hour by the use of every pernicious drug which the united wisdom of the village can recommend, and now she is brought face to face with the terrible necessity of having a tooth extracted. She is taken into the surgery, the listeners outside are edified by her shrieks at the sight of the dreaded instrument, and she comes out again, tearful, but relieved. She is followed by a woman with a gathered thumb, the origin and progress of which she traces with the utmost minuteness, and the sufferer retires, gratified by the prescription of a poultice, or insulted by an offhand application of the lancet. A labourer troubled with rheumatism comes to ask for a bottle of medicine before proceeding to a long day's work in the marshy meadows which gave him his complaint; and a pale, sickly boy, who needs nothing but better food, and more of it, brings an empty bottle to receive the same panacea. A woman now rushes in breathless, dragging after her a screaming child, which has just made some very practical discoveries as to the properties of steam and boiling water; but the doctor is not allowed to look at the parts affected until the mother, eager to assert her respectability, has impressed upon him the fact that the offending kettle is a copper one—not tin. Some very curious demands are often made on these occasions, and the incident narrated in *Hard Cash* of a thrifty gardener who came to his doctor for some poison to kill mice may very well be true. We have known a farmer come and ask for a drench for one of his cows which had been taken ill in the night, and an old lady send to ask him to bring his stethoscope to test the soundness of her favourite dog's heart, which she feared was affected. A boy sometimes appears carrying the necessary copper coins carefully in his hand, and asks for "twopenn'orth of pills," character not specified. Perhaps the boy can scarcely be expected to fathom those mysteries of professional etiquette which require that he should be referred to the general shop of the village for the fulfilment of his wants. Impossible though it is to do without club patients in a country practice, they are generally looked upon as if they were almost paupers, who get the benefit of medical science at a ridiculously cheap rate. It may be imagined that doctors who disbelieve in the efficacy of drugs are not likely to do violence to their opinions for the gratification of their club patients, or to give medicines where they are not needed. Yet there are some men so enthusiastic about a favourite remedy, generally an expensive one, that they will give it without due regard to economy, and often without any real necessity. It is well that such men should have wives, brought up in medical society, who may check their extravagant tendencies, and administer such a caution as we once heard given to a doctor when he was going to his morning's work in the surgery. "Whatever you do, George, don't give any of those club patients quinine!"

ELECTION PETITIONS IN 1880.

THE list of election petitions which, after the shilly-shallying usual on such occasions, both parties have at last made up their minds to bring is sufficiently considerable, and, if all of them are persisted in, the Judges who, as is well known, are ill provided with work at present, will have plenty to occupy them. It seems that petitions have actually been filed from Canterbury, Hereford, Worcester, Gloucester, Chester, Lichfield, and Salisbury, all of which places appear to be anxious to prove that the old renown of cathedral cities in election matters is not wholly a matter of the past. Barnstable rejoices in a petition and a counter-petition. Rye is threatened with an inquiry, which, as an ingenuous partisan of the sitting member is reported to have said, may probably result in the disfranchisement of the borough. Stroud, the most litigious of modern constituencies, where, in the last Parliament, gentlemen got seated and unseated in a bewildering manner, holds to its traditions. Bewdley, Bury St. Edmunds, Cheltenham, Evesham, Leominster, Knaresborough, Macclesfield, Tewkesbury, Wallingford, Westbury, Boston, Plymouth, and Horsham swell the tale of

the rather unwise electoral bodies which have decided to invite public attention to the way they manage their affairs. On the other hand, Poole, another borough of dubious fame, has at the last moment adopted the judicious advice of a statesman of a past generation, and let it alone. Taunton, with the fate of its neighbour Bridgewater before it, has arrived at a similar resolution, the result of an ingenious compromise. The member for Kidderminster will, it is said, by accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, render unnecessary a petition, the result of which would, owing to an oversight, be a certainty. Lastly (and politicians on both sides ought to join in regretting this), Mr. C. S. Read has decided that he cannot burden himself and his friends with the expense of a regular scrutiny into the South Norfolk election, where, owing to a rejection of votes which we believe a majority of authorities deem valid, he was defeated by Mr. Gurdon. The Conservatives of Colchester—more confident or better stored with the sinews of war—persist in their scrutiny; and there are besides some Irish petitions, and doubtless one or two English ones, which we have overlooked, or which were filed at the last moment.

We have said that there is usually a good deal of shilly-shallying about election petitions, and the reasons are not very far to seek, especially under present circumstances. A petition has always been a very expensive and a very hazardous proceeding. Only fifty years ago its fate depended simply on the political opinions of the majority of the members of the Committee, and Charles Buller could say with tolerable truth that "nobody who came before such a Committee had confidence in its honour." Sir Robert Peel succeeded in altering this for the better; but it is doubtful whether even the reformed Committees were model tribunals, though it could not be said of them, as was once said of the General Assembly of Scotland in its capacity of a Court of Inquiry into the morality of ministers, that in all the experience of the speaker he could never remember an instance of a guilty person being brought before it. The hearing of the petitions before regular judges has done away with all suspicion of unfairness, but has made the result more uncertain than ever. But it is not, as a rule, the uncertainty of the direct result which deters petitioners so much as the tolerable certainty of the indirect results. Mr. A. may be unseated, or Mr. B.'s election may be confirmed; but it is more than probable that the enlightened and independent constituency which they have wooed will come out rather badly in the inquiry. Now just at this moment there is every reason why boroughs, and especially small boroughs, should be loth to expose the uncleanness of their linen. If the Liberals have come in upon anything definite at all, it has been on the extension of the county franchise; and though this may possibly be delayed to the last days of the Parliament, nothing but the unforeseen can prevent its being proposed, though accidents may still further postpone its accomplishment. Now extension of the franchise means redistribution of seats, and redistribution of seats means beyond all question the extinction of some of the smaller boroughs, and the reduction of the representation of the rest. Among these doomed sheep it cannot be doubted that those which show signs of ill health will have to go first, and the mournful anticipations of that Liberal of Rye whom we have already quoted must probably be present to the minds of not a few local politicians. It is sweet, no doubt, to take revenge on the enemy by possibly turning defeat into victory, and certainly compelling the victor to spend a great deal of money. But when the process carries with it a strong probability of extinguishing both victors and vanquished in one common political annihilation, the case is altered. On the whole, though idle people may anticipate some amusement from the forthcoming inquiries, Taunton and Poole must be pronounced wiser in their generation than Salisbury and Rye. Indeed, the presentation of so many petitions as have been actually filed shows better than anything else how keen the contest of last month was; while the abandonment of that for South Norfolk, accompanied as it has been by a public avowal of the reason, shows that there was some truth in the assertions recently made of the comparative moneylessness of the Conservatives in that contest.

Supposing that most, or many, of the threatened petitions actually come on for hearing, we shall have a rather interesting opportunity of determining the influence of the Ballot on purity of election. The contest of 1874 was so much of a surprise, people were so new to the Ballot, and wishes and hopes of all kinds were so far drowned in the one general wish to be delivered at any price from Mr. Gladstone, that there was not much occasion for estimating this. Indeed it was not uncommonly held by outsiders before the late election that direct bribery was almost impossible, or at least highly improbable, under the Ballot, while intimidation was out of the question. "Faith unfaithful" might keep the voter "falsely true," so far as to make him give the vote he had been paid for; but the most probable result of threats would be to make him resent them by the safe and secret means of the ballot-box. Experience partly confirmed and partly falsified these expectations. The Ballot, as now managed, is not an ideally secret method of voting, but it is still difficult to know exactly how each voter has voted, unless he chooses that the agent should know it. The signal failure of the "Knowsley screw" seems also to show that, as far as intimidation is concerned, nothing short of forcibly keeping voters away from the poll (which would be dangerous) will now do. It is not the same, however, with bribery. The check furnished by open voting upon the bribed is of course impossible. Never more can such a

noble stroke of electioneering be played as that which, according to legend, secured his judgeship for one of the most brilliant and ill-fated of Irish lawyers. On that occasion—the tale is worth repeating, for the days of such things are being rapidly forgotten—it was of the highest importance for the candidate to be returned, and his constituents knew it. They had been wont to receive each his half of a five-pound note from the agent in advance, and then, after doing their duty, the other half. At this critical moment they struck, and demanded double pay. The candidate was consulted, and gave commands. Each independent voter received half a ten-pound note, and gladly voted for the generous “councillor.” But when they came for the other halves they were directed each to apply to one of his fellows. The bite was complete, there was no remedy, and each baffled pair, half a ten-pound note being a non-negotiable commodity, had to join their stocks and be content with five. Nothing of this transcendent sort, we may be sure, was done the other day; but every one who has been engaged or has had friends engaged in the contest must have heard stories to the effect that plenty of money changed hands which will not figure in the official accounts. In one borough votes were said to be going at 25*l.* apiece; in another, a batch—so rumour has it—were bid for at ten times that sum in the last hour of the polling, and bought by the other side at a higher rate still. This is, indeed, a sufficiently obvious method of bribery, not devoid of risk, but worth trying in boroughs of moderate size, especially in a hard-fought contest. It may have been noticed that in not a few such boroughs the register was either completely or very nearly polled out. Now with the present system of voting it is perfectly easy for the agents to note down every man who votes, though not perhaps how he votes. By comparing this with their canvass-book they can tell approximately what the result is, and also what effect the remaining voters will have. If these, being venal, have designedly held off, a sufficiently large offer at, say, half-past three o’clock, may turn the scale. It ought to be added that, as the polling booths are at present arranged, nothing is easier than for the voter, if he chooses, to show the agent how he has voted. Generally speaking, there is no screen at the back of the booth, and witnesses of the transaction are sitting or standing not an umbrella’s length behind. In the larger boroughs the thing is doubtless more difficult, and here the *modus operandi* is probably not yet complete, though, thanks to Mr. Chamberlain’s favourite organization, it will doubtless soon be so. The method of corrupting elections in these is by means of subordinate agents, each of whom has his *græz* of voters, probably of the humbler class for the most part. The agent of course would be responsible for his “tail,” and if a system of payment by results were adopted, the interest of the whole body would be to be faithful, especially if, as at Birmingham, the organization were constantly kept in working order by municipal elections, School Board elections, and other rehearsals for the great event. The admirable manner in which the Caucus system lends itself to corruption, in which indeed it must inevitably result, is of course one of its main beauties. By degrees it is probable that little facts of this kind will ooze out. But it is as yet too early for this. The revelations, such as they are, of the next petitions will probably be confined to less scientific and wholesale rascality. Considering that only a single decade has passed since the days of open voting, the habit of being bribed cannot be supposed to have died out of the small boroughs. An honest Little Pedlingtonian would probably be a good deal hurt if it were hinted to him that the secrecy of the Ballot would prevent his giving due value for his five or his fifty pound note. He would reply proudly that times might change, but morals did not. It is easily believable that in the same way treating may have gone on to a considerable extent, with the object of producing a generally favourable impression as to the candidate being a jolly good fellow. We shall, however, be a good deal wiser as to this a few weeks hence than we are now. The two millions, or two millions and a half, which, according to the best authorities, it has cost to replace Lord Beaconsfield by Mr. Gladstone, may be accounted for in new or old ways; but it is quite certain that not a little of the amount has gone as it should not. No happy man, it is to be feared or hoped, got 300*l.* a year for his vote, as did one happy man fifteen years ago in one of the most beautiful of Western boroughs, a place not only to live and die in, but, above all, to vote in. To buy a vote now is to buy the proverbial pig in the proverbial poke. But that pastime is still in various ways a popular one, and the stake at an election is sufficiently attractive to make gamblers go in for it, though it may be very far from a certainty. It is a bad thing to sell a vote, and not a good thing to buy one; but any Professor of Moral Philosophy who is at a loss for a subject to prelect upon might perhaps discuss the point whether to sell a vote is worse than to give it without taking the trouble to understand the questions at issue—whether to buy it is more culpable than to obtain it by misrepresentation and abuse of opponents.

THE LATE FALL IN PRICES.

THERE has occurred a heavy fall in the prices of commodities, more particularly of iron and colonial produce, such as sugar and coffee, involving serious losses which may have wide consequences, and there is anxious speculation whether this is, after all, the end of the revival of trade respecting which such high hopes were entertained. Before we attempt to find an answer to

this inquiry, let us endeavour to form an accurate conception of the amount of the fall, and to trace how it has come about. In July last Scotch pig-iron was as low as 40*s.* 8*d.* per ton; it began to rise then, and in January had reached 71*s.* 4*d.*—a rise of 30*s.* 8*d.* per ton, or over 75 per cent. Last week the price had come down again to 48*s.* 1*d.*—a fall of 23*s.* 3*d.*, or over 57 per cent. During the present week there has been a further decline; but as it is not our object to give the very latest quotation, it is enough to note that the downward movement has already swept away most of last year’s rise, and possibly may not even yet have come to an end. To take another example, Mauritius crystallized sugar stood for months last summer at 23*s.* 6*d.* per cwt.; in December it had gone up to 28*s.* 3*d.*—a rise of 4*s.* 9*d.* per cwt., or over twenty per cent; at the end of last week it had fallen to 24*s.*, barely 6*d.* above last summer’s quotation. Good Ceylon coffee, to take a third example, was as low last year as 64*s.* 6*d.*, and in December had gone up to 72*s.*, being a rise of 7*s.* 6*d.*, or over eleven per cent; last week it had gone down to 66*s.*, a fall of 6*s.*, or between eight and nine per cent. It is needless to multiply instances. We are not making out a Price Current, and these examples will suffice amply for our purpose. It is evident from them that somewhere very heavy losses must have been incurred, and that the fluctuations up and down have been so sudden and so extreme as naturally to make people apprehensive as to the soundness of the revival which has changed the whole face of business.

But because the fears entertained are natural, it does not at all follow that they are well grounded. To test this point, let us inquire how the revival came about. It will be in the recollection of our readers that it originated in increased purchases on American account. The panic in 1873 was followed in the United States by years of unexampled depression. Factories were closed all over the country, workpeople by hundreds of thousands were thrown out of employment, and it almost seemed as if industry was brought to a standstill. The people had been living too fast, and the crash brought them to a sense of their real condition. They at once resorted to the most stringent economies. They cut down wages, they saved every possible expense, they curtailed their foreign purchases, and large numbers of them turned from the workshop and the factory to the cultivation of the soil. Three magnificent harvests, accompanied by an unusual demand and good prices in Europe, rewarded their labours, and last year the nation found itself once more with the means of enjoying its old comforts and luxuries. The construction of railways interrupted in 1873 was resumed; the consumption of sugar, coffee, and other luxuries rapidly increased; and it became at once evident that during the bad times through which the country had passed the production had fallen far below the demand. Orders were sent to England and the Continent for the iron which the native works could not furnish early enough for the railway contracts; Brazil was ransacked for coffee, and then Ceylon was placed under contribution. The demand for sugar was intensified by the failure of the beet crop in France. A very considerable rise of prices was justified under these circumstances, for during the long depression the production of all the world had become adapted to a low demand, and an augmented price was required to stimulate the dormant powers of production into new activity. But, as always happens in such cases, the rise was exaggerated by speculation. In several instances keen men of business instinctively felt what was coming, and, buying up large stocks at the lowest quotations, realized fortunes when the spurt came. The knowledge of this inflamed the minds of rasher and less skilful persons, who rushed in at the topmost prices, and bought when experts were selling. Most of these were absolutely ignorant of the trades which they disturbed, often even did not know the appearance of the articles they bought. There was a story current in the autumn of a speculator who went into a broker’s office in Mincing Lane and requested him to buy some hundreds of tons of a rare spice, and, when told that the world could not supply so large a quantity, dipped his hand into an open jar and, asking what were the contents, ordered the purchase of as much as could be had of a commodity with which he had then for the first time made acquaintance. This was the spirit in which Scotch pig-iron was run up over 75 per cent. in four or five months, and all who knew what was going on, and did not themselves join in the gambling, were quite prepared for the inevitable reaction. The only doubt was as to the time when it was to be expected.

So far all are agreed as to the facts; but some are inclined to go further, and say that production now has shot ahead of consumption as far as it had lagged behind last summer, and that consequently the fall of prices will be permanent. This was the drift of an article published by the *Times* about a fortnight ago, which has drawn a reply from one of the principal ironmasters of the North of England. For it is to be observed that those engaged in the trade who are most competent to form an opinion by no means share in the pessimist views now current. Briefly stated, the argument of the *Times* is as follows:—That the United States only bought from us because their own furnaces and forges were not equal to the sudden demand, but that 127 new furnaces have now been blown in, still leaving 293 idle; and that consequently, although they will use up 1½ million tons this year more than last, they will need to take from us no more than 100,000 tons. Further, that our own furnaces have been increased by 141, capable of producing over two million tons—that is, more than sufficient to meet all possible demands. On the authority of the Secretary to the Western Iron Association of the United States, Mr. Samuelson’s answer to this is that, whatever

may be the capacity of the furnaces lately blown in, the scarcity of suitable ore is such that the production will be a million tons less than the *Times*' estimate, and consequently that the United States will require from us 800,000 tons; and that, as regards the home furnaces blown in, the *Times*' estimate is 600,000 tons above the mark. Moreover, Mr. Samuelson points out that last year's production was lower than that of any year since 1870, with the exception of 1874, and the increased production of this year, therefore, is not likely to result in a glut, even assuming that the American demand falls off very seriously. The answer seems complete. When we read of furnaces being blown in, we are apt to infer hastily that the production increases in the ratio of the numbers, but this is not so. A man blows out a furnace while his competitors keep theirs in blast, because it is less productive or more costly to work, and for either reason—generally both—is less profitable. When he blows it in again, it obviously does not produce as much as those that were kept in blast all through. This is why the 141 furnaces newly blown in in England, Wales, and Scotland are found to produce 600,000 tons less than the *Times* calculated. Manifestly, the same thing holds good in the United States, and therefore nearly 300 furnaces remain unlighted, while more than 900,000 tons of iron have been imported from this country between August and the end of March. The reserve power which alarms the writer in the *Times* can be called on only if prices run up far higher even than the January level. Meanwhile the prosperity of the United States is unchecked; the necessity is as great as ever for new railways to open up fresh regions to colonization, to fill in links in systems still uncompleted, and to bring mines into communication with the world's markets. Other countries do not less need railways, as, for example, the Australasian Colonies, India, now happily free from famine, the South American States, and Austria-Hungary and Russia, whose credit will improve if the Eastern question is not reopened. Here at home iron shipbuilding has become very active, large orders having been placed on the Clyde within the last few days. And the new loan which the London and North-Western Company is about to raise, and which, it is understood, will be expended in extending the four lines of rails, shows that the home railway demand also is increasing, and, with a good harvest, may be expected to improve considerably.

What has really caused the great fall to which we have called attention is the inability of speculators to pay for their purchases now that the time has come for them to do so. As we have said above, many of them were entirely ignorant of the trades into which they plunged—not a few, indeed, of all trades; and, as they had neither experience nor judgment to guide them, they necessarily went too far. In the nature of things the speculator is a sanguine being. Several circumstances have combined to intensify the scare which arose when the speculators found themselves called upon to pay, and broke down the market by too many sales. Supply and demand are nearly accommodated to one another by the large increase of producing power, and for that reason alone a fall was inevitable. In the United States, moreover, money has for months been excessively dear, and this has at last restricted speculation. So long as he could obtain loans freely, the speculator was not daunted by high rates. But when renewals were refused, or were granted with much difficulty, he took fright. There has consequently been a heavy fall in the United States also. Here at home, again, the apprehension of strikes and wages disputes has made all persons engaged in genuine trade alive to the serious consequences that might ensue if a factitious high level of prices was longer maintained. Add to all this, the interruption to business caused by the elections. The interruption has proved much more considerable than had been anticipated and has lasted much longer. One reason is the extreme bitterness of the struggle, and another is the surprise which the result has caused to all parties, and the uncertainty in which speculators are involved. The attitude in this respect of the Stock Exchange, which is the speculative market *par excellence*, and typical of all others, is strangely misunderstood. The speculator, no doubt, has his political preferences, like the merchant or the professional man; but as a speculator he is only concerned with the bearing of a change of Government upon the market in which he operates. And in the present case it has been unusually difficult to estimate this, because of the well-known but as yet undeclared divisions of opinion among the supporters of the new Cabinet.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.—I.

THE opening of the two great London Galleries of contemporary art has this year been almost simultaneous. The "private view," both at the Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery, took place yesterday, while the "press view" at the Academy on Wednesday was followed by that at the Grosvenor on Thursday last. To see and to form any kind of opinion on 1,658 works of art between the hours of 10 and 6 in one day is the kind of task which was set to the unhappy, but subsequently triumphant, maiden in the fairy story by Rumpelstiltsken, and which is now set by the rulers of the Royal Academy to critics. Unfortunately the parallel is not carried out to the end. No fairy is likely to appear to ensure victory for the critic. The thing is monstrously absurd, and could hardly occur in any other city of pretensions equal to those of London in art matters. Against this old standing grievance we have to set the improvement which is

evident in the matter of hanging pictures at the Royal Academy. Of course, in accordance with an unfortunate rule, there are pictures of little worth which occupy valuable space, and, as a natural corollary of this rule, there are other pictures of merit which are disadvantageously placed; but there is at least an absence of that carelessness in the general arrangement of which we have too often been obliged to complain. At the Grosvenor, of course, where there are not more pictures exhibited than can be well seen and well hung, there is no ground for dissatisfaction on this point. No doubt the controllers of the Academy arrangements have many difficulties to contend with. The time given for deciding on the works sent in is impossibly short, and this might surely be extended, as might the time given to critics for pronouncing their verdict after that of the Council. Perhaps, however, it might be thought that this would be giving an unfair advantage to the critics, who might then condemn at their leisure what the Council had approved in their haste. The number also of works to be exhibited and placed is, apart from the question of the time devoted to their consideration, impossibly large. Whether this could or could not be diminished must remain a question for those who know all the ins and outs of the matter. Any definite and obvious change would of course give offence to many people, but no improvement can be effected in matters of the kind except by those who do not mind incurring a certain amount of odium in a good cause.

We do not propose for the present to attempt doing more than giving a general sketch of some chief points of interest in the exhibitions. The Academy is, as a whole, very well up to the mark, but, speaking generally, has not the attraction which is sometimes found either in some striking work of a recognized master, or in the coming to the front of comparatively unknown painters. The Grosvenor, on the other hand, has such an attraction in the space devoted to the works of M. Bastien-Lepage, whose powers, though well enough known in France and far from unknown in England, have never before been shown to such advantage in London. Of these, as of other productions at both Galleries, we hope on future occasions to speak in detail. Meanwhile it must be enough to take a general survey.

The first room at the Royal Academy contains two striking pictures by Mr. Calderon, called "The Olive" (6), and "The Vine" (25). Both are studies of Italian girls, and in both the drawing and colour strike us as admirable. Between them hangs a picture by Mr. P. R. Morris, called "Sons of the Brave; the Orphan Boys of Soldiers, Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea" (20), which pleases us much less than most of Mr. Morris's work. The subject is eminently popular. Near this is a picture by Mr. Peter Graham, "A Highland Drove" (26), dealing with his accustomed style of subject and painted in his best manner, and beyond it a strangely false and unpleasing picture by Mr. Yeames, entitled "The Finishing Touch; Green-room at Private Theatricals" (39). Mr. Frank Dicksee's portrait picture of Sir W. E. and the Hon. Lady Welby Gregory (40) has much invention and skill; and Mr. Keeley Halsewell's "Flood on the Thames" (74) is admirable in its swing and movement. Mr. Oulless has a fine portrait in this room (10). The second gallery possesses an extraordinarily beautiful work by the President, "A Sister's Kiss" (142), two fine pictures by Mr. Alma-Tadema, "Spring Festival" (176), and "Not at Home" (195), both, as might be expected, classical; a portrait picture by Mr. Pettie (122), in which both the composition and colouring seem to us open to fault-finding; and, amongst other things, a fine and stately picture by Mr. McWhirter, called "The Lord of the Glen" (177), the title referring to the single tree which stands out against a stormy sky. Mr. Storey has a charmingly quaint picture in his best manner called "Follow My Leader" (155). The third room has one strong attraction in what the Catalogue quoted by Mr. Mark Twain would call the "self-portraits" of Mr. Watts and Mr. Millais, "Painted by invitation for the Collection of Portraits of Artists painted by themselves in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence." Both works are such as one would wish to see representing English art, and preserving in an enduring shape the memory of two great English artists in such a gallery. Mr. Millais has also in this room a fine portrait of Mr. Bright (322), a charming portrait of Miss Stepney (239), and a picture called "Cuckoo" (315), the consideration of which we defer. Mr. Long has a fine and pathetic figure of "An Assyrian Captive" (210); and next to it hangs an evening landscape of much feeling and beauty, called "Solitude," by Mr. Barrett Browning. Mr. Poynter's large picture, "A Visit to Æsculapius" (250), which has been bought by the Academy under the terms of the Chantry Bequest, strikes us as more careful and correct than pleasing. Another picture close by—"Returning to the Fold," by Mr. Davis (255)—has been purchased under the same conditions. Why this, which has some obvious faults, should have been selected rather than Mr. Davis's really beautiful cattle picture in the first gallery, "Family Affection" (65), we are unable to understand. Mr. Orchardson's picture of Bonaparte "On Board H.M.S. *Bellerophon*, July 3rd, 1815, off Cape Ushant" (262), is a fine and striking work. Napoleon's figure has an air of being strangely tall, and the costume is not, we believe, strictly correct with regard to the date given; but these are small blemishes which do not interfere with the impressiveness of the whole picture, in which the dignity and lifelikeness of the figures are not less remarkable than the sense of distance and sea atmosphere which the painter conveys. One of Mr. Vicat Cole's best works, "The Leaves of

Wasted Autumn" (310), is in this gallery, and so is Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Fredegonda" (328), which is, we think, his best work in the Royal Academy, and one of the best things that he has painted. The artist's well-known command of light, colour, and atmosphere is admirably exhibited, and there is true dramatic feeling in the figure and face of the Queen, who looks on helpless at her husband's espousal of Galeswinthe. Mr. Pettie's delicate and forcible treatment of a figure in white, entitled, "His Grace" (249), atones fully for any shortcomings in the work of his which we have already mentioned. M. Bastien-Lepage is represented by an admirably finished small portrait of the Prince of Wales (229). Mr. Frank Holl and Mr. John Collier send two excellent presentation portraits, the one of Major George Graham (302), the other of Dr. Carpenter (254). Among the most remarkable works in the fourth gallery are Mr. J. D. Watson's simple, straightforward, and touching picture of "Corporal Trim" (375); Mr. Brett's admirable sea-piece, "Britannia's Realm" (387), which has, with good reason, been purchased under the terms of the Chantry Bequest; and Mr. Long's "Henry Irving as Hamlet" (416), which, if it fails in some respects as a likeness, is very attractive as a picture.

The fifth gallery contains two important battle-pieces dealing with the same period—"Blenheim" (453), a spirited and finely executed work by Mr. Woodville, and "Marlbrough after the Battle of Ramillies" by Mr. Crofts. In the same room Mr. Herkomer shows what it is not too much to call a magnificent landscape called "God's Shrine" (468). Gallery No. VI. contains, amongst other things of interest, a pleasing landscape study by Mr. Ernest Paston (578), which has a strong resemblance to his last year's picture, a very tender and pretty work by Mr. W. J. Hennessy, "Summer Days" (555), and an admirable picture by Mr. Van Haanen of "Pearl Stringers in Venice" (579). The great attraction in the following gallery will probably be—and by no means unjustly as regards its merits, though they perhaps will not be the first cause of the attraction—Mr. Prinsep's much talked-of picture of "The Imperial Assemblage held at Delhi by the Viceroy, Lord Lytton, and attended by the principal chiefs of the Indian Empire" (625). Probably no modern painter has had a more difficult task set to him, and it is hard to conceive the difficulties being more boldly and successfully overcome. Another picture of unusual merit in a quite different direction is M. Munkacsy's "The Two Families" (650). Neither the Lecture-Room nor the tenth gallery is particularly full of attraction, and for the present we must be content with calling attention in the former to Mr. Briton Rivière's admirably humorous animal picture, "The Last Spoonful" (1051), and in the latter to the strong and finely-painted picture, "The Sins of the Fathers" (1453), by Mrs. John Collier. All other and fuller account of works, which it is utterly impossible to take in within the time assigned for the purpose, we must defer to future occasions.

The Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition is, we think, unusually good. It is strong in almost every direction. Mr. Burne-Jones sends one of his finest works to it, and the effect of this is not marred by any productions from the same hand which might seem to offer a handle to the kind of ridicule which a critic last year attempted to fasten on one of the painter's exhibited works. Some of Mr. Burne-Jones's far-off followers do indeed contribute some exceedingly, if unconsciously, humorous works; but such contributions as these are very few compared with the pictures of real and striking merit which the Gallery has to show. It is to be regretted that Mr. W. B. Richmond's large picture of "The Song of Miriam" could not be finished before it was sent to the Exhibition; but, on the other hand, there is so much beauty in the intention, and, so far as it has gone, in the execution, of the work, that one must be glad that it was sent at all. Mr. Watts sends several works, one of which, "Daphne" (43), is perhaps as grandly beautiful as anything which Mr. Watts has painted. To M. Bastien-Lepage's work we have already referred. Further remarks upon this and upon many things worthy of attention and admiration we must reserve for the future. The sines of the Royal Academy are visited upon the Grosvenor Gallery in this way, that a person who has spent the greater part of one day in filling his memory as much as he can with the 1,658 works shown at the Academy, is inclined on the next to give himself up to rest and thankfulness in the Grosvenor Gallery, and wisely to abandon any attempt at detailed faultfinding or praise.

THE THEATRES.

THE series of morning representations which Mr. Hollingshead announced with amusing irony as "Palmy Day Performances" was begun last week at the Gaiety with the fine old crusted piece of *George Barnwell*. The play is from many points of view interesting. Lillo, its author, has been not unjustly styled the father of English melodrama, with reference to the fact that he was the first, or nearly the first, playwright who ventured to break away from the cut-and-dried composition and versification according to rule which abounds in such works as, for instance, those of Rowe and Aaron Hill. One of his plays, *The Fatal Curiosity*, which, if we remember rightly, is included in the list of pieces which Mr. Hollingshead proposes to revive, has much force. A stronger writer than Lillo might have made of its horrible story an appalling tragedy; Lillo is to be credited with at least having turned it into a thrilling melodrama. That *George Barnwell* is not devoid

of merit is perhaps sufficiently proved by the fact that its story has been burlesqued by such writers as James and Horace Smith and Thackeray.

This goes at least to show that it has "vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction." Its author had the wit to discover the dramatic force of the old story, and though one may regret, as in the case of *The Fatal Curiosity*, that the plot was not appropriated by some better writer, yet it may be admitted that there is truth in the statement made in the "remarks" (by Cumberland's son-in-law) which are prefixed to the acting edition, that "it is altogether very ingeniously conducted, involving many just and affecting incidents, and presenting such a picture of deceit, infatuation, guilt, and remorse, in two characters of domestic life that is not to be found in any other play." This, as has been above observed, was true at the time when it was written, and it would certainly be a pity if the first successful drama of domestic life were allowed to fall into oblivion. There is something not unpleasing in the many oddities of the piece, one of the strangest of which perhaps occurs in the scene which was paraphrased in the *Rejected Addresses*, in the lines—

There's Nunky as fat as a hog,
While I am as lean as a lizard,
Here's at you, you stingy old dog,
And he whipped a long knife in his gizzard.

The uncle, who has not before made his appearance, enters in "a cut wood," making these remarks:—

If I were superstitious, I should fear some danger lurked unseen, or death were nigh! A heavy melancholy clouds my spirits; my imagination is filled with ghastly forms of dreary graves, and bodies changed by death.

(Enter George Barnwell at a distance.)

O death, thou strange mysterious power, seen every day, yet never understood, but by the incommunicative dead, what art thou? The extensive mind of man, that with a thought circles the earth's vast globe, sinks to the centre, or ascends above the stars; that worlds exotic finds, or thinks it finds, thy thick clouds attempts to pass in vain. Lost and bewildered in the horrid gloom—defeated, she returns more doubtful than before; of nothing certain, but of labour lost.

(During this speech Barnwell sometimes presents the pistol, and draws it back again; at last he drops it, at which his uncle starts, and draws his sword.)

Barnwell. Oh, 'tis impossible.

Uncle. A man so near me, armed and masqued!

Barnwell. Nay, then there's no retreat.

(Plucks a poniard from his bosom, and stabs him.)

The relevance of Barnwell's last-quoted observation is not altogether apparent. The strongest scene in the play is that which follows between Millwood and her victim; and this again is oddly concluded by Millwood's remark, "They [the servants] disapprove of my conduct." In the interview between the two, however, there is real dramatic perception; and Mr. Crauford and Miss Willes, who played the parts at the Gaiety, must be congratulated on the manner in which they acquitted themselves. Praise is also due to Mr. Maclean and to Mr. Shine for their impersonations respectively of Thorowgood and the uncle. We look forward with interest to the promised performance of "Monk" Lewis's *Castle Spectre*; and we trust it may some day be followed by the representation of that exquisitely melodramatic and incomprehensible piece dramatized from an episode in *The Monk*, and called *The Bleeding Nun*. This was performed some time ago at the Haymarket, and was given, or intended to be given, with due gravity; but the parts were unfortunately distributed.

At New Sadler's Wells last week *Romeo and Juliet* was produced for six nights, with Miss Isabel Bateman and Mr. Clifford Harrison in the two principal parts. Miss Bateman as Juliet showed more power as an actress than we have discovered in her former performances. There was more room for fault-finding, perhaps, than there was in—to take one instance—her rendering of the Queen in *Charles I.*; but to say this is only to say that there is a wide gulf between the two parts. Juliet is one of the most difficult characters in the list of Shakespeare's plays. It demands at the same time youth and a science which is rarely allied with youth. To arrive at a just conception of the character is by no means easy; to carry out such a conception is exceptionally difficult. Miss Bateman's rendering of the part gave us the impression that she had grasped its meaning. That the interpretation should sometimes fall short of the intention was only to be expected. But it is much that a young actress should succeed in the execution of such a part so well as she did. In one scene especially, that known as the balcony scene, the actress's idea and rendering seemed to go hand in hand, and the result was a natural and poetical interpretation of one of the most beautiful passages in Shakespeare. Mr. Harrison's appearance in the part of Romeo had a peculiar interest in connexion with the common belief that reciting and acting are separate arts. Mr. Harrison did not appear as a novice on the stage; indeed it is not very long since we noticed his promising performance of Pierre in *The Two Orphans*. But both before and after that event he has been chiefly known as a "reciter" of unusual skill. In a certain sense of course reciting and acting are closely allied; that is, a person who can speak well, who can deliver poetry with feeling and with just emphasis and force, has at least one strong point in his favour if he takes to the stage. This Mr. Harrison had to start with. His elocution was throughout admirable. The difficulties he had to contend with were those of gesture and what may be called knowledge of the stage. He

wanted in some scenes repose, in others variety of action. These, however, are faults which can be overcome and which are naturally more accentuated in so trying a part as Romeo than they are in such a part as Pierre. Romeo was evidently so carefully and keenly thought out, and was in many instances so well expressed, that we must hope that Mr. Harrison will not continue to make his appearances on the stage merely temporary. With his general idea of the character of Romeo we have little fault to find; but we are unable to understand why in the scene where Romeo deprecates Tybalt's provocations, he chose to speak in an angry, instead of a conciliatory, tone. It should, however, be added that one of Mr. Harrison's best passages, the burst of rage after Mercutio's death, was so well given that it did not suffer from what we regard as a strange mistake in the previous scene.

Romeo and Juliet gave place this week at the same theatre to Mr. Joaquin Miller's play called *The Danites*, which is given by the same company who have for some time past been playing it in various parts of the United States. People who remember Mr. Joaquin Miller's brilliant and startling romance *Life Among the Modocs* will readily believe that he is capable of writing a play dealing with Far West life which abounds in striking situations. The odd thing is that persons who have actually mixed in this kind of life tell us that Mr. Joaquin Miller's representation of it is true and correct. But, even if this were not so, the piece would still be as attractive in itself as are the almost forgotten melodramas of Bouchardy. It is, in fact, a new development of an old and justly popular type of play—or, in other words, it is a delightfully melodramatic stage presentation of the scenes of early Californian life, of which Mr. Bret Harte has given us such attractive presentations in another form. The people who move through the play are as ruffianly, as chivalrous, as ferocious, as kindhearted, and as alive as the heroes of Dumas's best novels, and their adventures are as exciting as those of the brilliant personages who are concerned in that great writer's novels and plays. We have, in fact, the romance of a past time transplanted into the present century, with the assurance from experts that the bounds of probability have not been transgressed.

The central idea of the piece—which might with advantage have been more closely kept to—is the pursuit by two Danites, or Mormon avengers, of the last supposed survivor of a family who devoted themselves to the pious task of getting rid of Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet. Their proposed victim is one Nancy Williams, who, with her little brother, takes refuge, in the first act, in a miner's camp in the Sierras. In spite of the protection promised and given by the rough and chivalrous inhabitants of the camp, one of the Danites, skulking behind a rock, manages to pick off the little brother with a rifle-shot, and the curtain falls upon a group of miners summoned by the report, who believe that Nancy herself must have perished in a wild leap which she has made down the cliff after her murdered brother. The chief characters in this scene, as throughout the play, are Sandy McGee, a miner—and, according to the programme, which bears evidences of Mr. Miller's deliberately odd style, "a painter, a sculptor, a mighty moralist, a man who could not write his own name"—and Nancy Williams, "the last of a doomed family." These characters are represented by Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin, upon whom, and especially upon Mr. McKee Rankin, the burden of the play principally lies. The next act takes us to "The Howling Wilderness Saloon," where many of the characteristic incidents of early Californian life which have been described by Mr. Bret Harte are put, and very well put, upon the stage. The great event of the scene is the arrival of a school-teacher. "The boys," expecting a male school-teacher, "conclude to lay for him"; and the change of attitude in everybody, from Sandy and "the Parson" (so called on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle) down to "the Heathen Chinese" Washee-Washee, on seeing an attractive and self-possessed young woman step out of the stage-coach, is admirably conceived and executed. The scene is full of lively illustrations of that wild kind of life with which the whole play deals; and in its course we are made acquainted with a boy, named Billie Piper, who seems strangely unfitted for the place in which his lot is cast, and whose smooth face and gentle ways mark him at once as an object for jealousy with regard to the "Widder" or school-teacher in the eyes of the other "boys." He finds one fast friend in the vigorous and predominant Sandy, whose protection of him has a strongly dramatic purpose.

The third act, which passes outside "the Widder's" cabin, is full of incident, and during it Hulda Brown, "the Widder," discovers by a chance the secret of Billie's life, which, as the experienced playgoer may surmise, is that "Billie Piper" is really Nancy Williams in disguise. Nancy's natural terror of the Danites is reason enough for Hulda's promising to keep the secret at all costs. The two Danites believe that the school-teacher is their proposed victim, and their discomfiture when at the point, as they think, of success in their murderous scheme they are baffled by the sudden appearance of the brave and reckless "Parson," is one of the points which make the third act of the play intensely dramatic.

The piece up to this point is, of its kind, admirable, and all that is wanted to make it equally good throughout is some judicious cutting. There is plenty of dramatic stuff in the two final acts, but its effect is injured by needless complications and over-protracted dialogues. The improbability of "Billie's" secret being kept, in spite of the many reasons for revealing it, might

readily be pardoned for the sake of the interest which the concealment keeps up, if there were any kind of explanation given of Sandy's really incomprehensible condonement of what seemed to him his wife's undeniable infidelity, and of "the Parson's" unhesitating belief in "Billie's" assurance that there was nothing wrong. However, much must be overlooked in a rattling melodrama; and *The Danites* is a play which combines the unalterable attractiveness of a thoroughgoing melodrama with a freshness and novelty which are peculiarly its own. The acting of the piece is for the most part remarkably good. Mr. McKee Rankin, who plays Sandy, has the fine presence which the part demands, and has also a vigour and pathos, the intense naturalness of which is no doubt the result of study and art. His self-restraint which never amounts to over-repression in passages of emotion is singularly effective. One such passage, in the fourth act, is particularly striking. His gesture and facial expression are throughout good. There is much force, and not a little pathos of the rude kind appropriate to the character, in Mr. Sheridan's representation of "the Parson." These qualities are well shown in the effective and original situation in the fourth act, when, instead of the expected Derringer, met by another held out at full cock, he presents to Sandy the key of the cabin which he wishes to make over to his former rival. Mr. Harry Hawk's "Heathen Chinese" is pleasantly humorous without exaggeration. Mr. Walrond as one of the Danites assumes a grim stealthiness which recalls some of De Quincey's descriptions. Mrs. McKee Rankin has a difficult part to play as Nancy and the false Billie Piper. She has much intelligence and intention, but wants the power of making herself heard at all times, and of refraining from paying attention only to the "points" of the part. Miss Tanner's performance of Hulda, "the Widder," could hardly be improved, and the two smaller women's characters are, like the minor male characters, well played. The piece is highly attractive and will perhaps have a still better effect if the cuts which we have suggested are made.

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

IN former days there was a good deal of gambling on the Two Thousand throughout the winter, but of late years betting on that race has not begun until the spring. Racing may possibly be an important matter, but we fancy that many people who derive some amusement from this sport during the summer months are not sorry to hear nothing about it in the depth of winter.

A couple of three-year-olds of great merit were entered for the Two Thousand of this year by one person. These were Beaudesert and Prestonpans, the nominations of the late Marquess of Anglesey. The first-named had won the Middle Park Plate, the other had won several races; but the death of Lord Anglesey rendered both of their nominations void, so that much of the interest of the Two Thousand was taken away. Beaudesert and Prestonpans being out of the race, Mask was made the first favourite. Mask is a chestnut colt by Carnival out of Meteor, and he began his racing career by winning the July Stakes at Newmarket in a canter by three lengths, although opposed by a good field, thereby winning between sixteen and seventeen hundred pounds in stakes alone. His next race was the Doncaster Champagne Stakes, for which he started a very strong favourite. Contrary to expectation, he ran nowhere, the race being won by Evasion, whom he had beaten in his previous race. His next performance was to beat The Song in a Produce Stakes at Newmarket, but he ran nowhere in the Rous Memorial Stakes at the same meeting. He ended his first season by winning three races in succession—the October Produce Stakes, the Home-bred Post Produce Stakes, and the Home-bred Foal Post Stakes—having landed more than four thousand pounds in stakes for his owner. There seemed to be every reason for making this horse the first favourite for the Two Thousand, now that Beaudesert and Prestonpans were out of the race. The two-year-olds, Bend Or and Robert the Devil, seemed to be superior on public running, but unfortunately neither of them had been entered for the Two Thousand; so, all things considered, the high position of Mask seemed to be amply justified. Mask's first appearance in public this year was at the Newmarket Craven Meeting, where he was brought out for the Column Produce Stakes. Only one horse was to oppose him, and this was Lord Falmouth's Merry-go-Round, a bay colt by Scottish Chief out of Spinaway. This horse had only been out once last year, and on that occasion he had walked over, so this was in reality to be his first race. Mask looked in very forward condition, and his hocks, which had been objected to by some critics last year, had decidedly improved. It could not be said that Merry-go-Round's joints were quite clean; but he had better hocks than Mask. Merry-go-Round was a little the higher and more lengthy of the pair, but Mask was rather stronger across the loins. Heavy odds were laid on Mask, and he was expected to win in a canter. He made the running as far as the Abingdon bottom, where Merry-go-Round seemed beaten; but on ascending the hill Mask suddenly tired, while Merry-go-Round, on the contrary, struggled very gamely, succeeded in passing Mask, and won the race by a length. A change in the betting on the Two Thousand necessarily followed this race. Merry-go-Round was also in the Two Thousand, and as he had to be made a better favourite than Mask, the question presented itself whether Merry-

go-Round was now to be made the first favourite. The Craven Stakes, which took place the next day, threw further light on the subject. The race was won by Fernandez, Merry-go-Round being second and Brotherhood third. A length and a half separated the leading pair, and half a length the second and third. But then they were not running on even terms. Brotherhood was giving the large amount of weight of 10 lbs. to Merry-go-Round, and the latter was giving 5 lbs. to Fernandez. The conclusions drawn by the learned on the subject were that by far the best performance in the race was that of Brotherhood. The Ancaster mile, over which the race was run, is a severe course, with a trying hill, and yet Brotherhood gave 10 lbs. to Merry-go-Round and 15 lbs. to Fernandez, and ran within half a length of one, and within two lengths of the other. The betting men, therefore, made Brotherhood first favourite for the Two Thousand. Brotherhood is a rather lightly built horse, on sound, clean limbs. He is by Rosicrucian out of Hilda. Last year he won five and lost six races. In the Prince of Wales's Stakes at York he had run within half a length, at even weights, of the famous Bend Or, who had run five times without being once beaten. In most of the races in which Brotherhood had been beaten he had been carrying extra weight, and an analysis of his public running pointed him out to be a colt of decided merit. Fernandez had run twice last year, and had been beaten each time. He also was entered for the Two Thousand. He is own brother to the famous Isonomy, being by Sterling out of Isola Bella, and, like Isonomy, he seemed quite to enjoy racing up a tiring hill. It is true that he was receiving 15 lbs. from Brotherhood; but nevertheless, a length and a half is quite enough to win a race by, even if a horse has a couple of stone in hand; and it appeared to be far from clear that Fernandez must certainly be worse than either Merry-go-Round or Brotherhood. Altogether it may be noticed that the results of the Column Produce Stakes and the Craven Stakes afforded a very eligible opportunity for gambling—an opportunity, we may observe, which was by no means neglected.

There was another important element of uncertainty in the Two Thousand. This was a horse called Beaumont, a French colt by Flageolet. So highly was this horse esteemed that he was at one time actually first favourite for the race. This was in the moment of confusion which followed the Craven Stakes, before critics had had time to make up their minds upon the results of that race. Another French-bred horse, named Milan, had many supporters. Then there was Abbot, by Hermit, who had won the Houghton Stakes at Newmarket last autumn, and Zealot, another colt by Hermit, who had won the Brethby Nursery at the same meeting. Muncaster, a colt by Doncaster out of Windermere, was one of the leading favourites. He did not run last year, but he belonged to the Duke of Westminster, who also owned the celebrated Bend Or. As Bend Or was supposed to be the best public performer among the three-years-olds, it was argued that, if the trainer of these two colts considered Muncaster to have a good chance for the Two Thousand, his opinion would be worth following, as he had every opportunity of finding out whether Muncaster was nearly as good as Bend Or. Petronel had beaten Strathdale at the Houghton Meeting, in the Troy Stakes, and Strathdale had won the Prendergast Stakes from a fair field in the Second October Meeting; so, although Petronel had once been beaten, he seemed well worth backing for the Two Thousand. Clarencieux, a colt by Lord Lyon, had run third last week for the City and Suburban, but he had only had 5 st. 12 lbs. to carry, and he had finished five lengths from the second horse. Although deprived of much of its interest through Prestonpans and Beadesert being disqualified, the Two Thousand appeared to be a particularly open race, and it became the medium of a good deal of heavy gambling.

In the presence of a large number of people, and on a fine but cold day, seventeen horses went to the post for this race. They were a few minutes late, but Mr. McGeorge got them off at once to an excellent start. Mariner soon came away from the line and tried to bolt, but before he had gone a quarter of a mile he was thoroughly tired of galloping, and he was soon passed by the horses who were really contesting the race. The French horse Beaumont then took the lead, and made the running past the Bushes into the Abingdon Dip. Brotherhood, the first favourite, was soon beaten, and we may here observe that he was absolutely the last horse in the race. In the Abingdon Bottom Beaumont tired, and was passed by Muncaster, Petronel, and The Abbot. Muncaster was leading, and he was running very strongly as if he had plenty of power left in him for the finish; but as he was nearing the winning-post he ran in a coltish, awkward fashion. This was his first race, and the novelty of the situation seemed to distract his attention. Still he kept going at a great pace, and although Fordham on Petronel kept drawing up to him, it appeared probable that he might yet win the race. It was an intensely interesting struggle; and when the leading pair came in, apparently locked together, with The Abbot and Beaumont at their quarters, racing was seen in its perfection. It was almost impossible for an ordinary spectator to feel certain which of two Dukes was the winner of the Two Thousand; but the judge gave his verdict that the Duke of Beaufort's Petronel had beaten the Duke of Westminster's Muncaster by a head. The Abbot was but three-quarters of a length behind Muncaster, and Beaumont was only a head behind Abbot. The former first favourite, Mask, was next. Petronel was in splendid condition, and he had run in public before; but Muncaster, although looking well, ran in what racing men term a very "green" manner. Some horses run as well on their first appear-

ance in public as on any subsequent occasion; but others fail to show their true form the first time that they are tried in a regular race. A severe race is a very different thing from a private trial; and the very fact of being pressed and hurried must be disconcerting to a horse which is unaccustomed to it. To face a roaring crowd for the first time must be enough to make a nervous horse falter, while even the bravest may be distracted by the noise. Muncaster is a very tall horse, while Petronel is low. It is said that the former measures 16 hands 2 inches, and the latter 15 hands 2 inches under a standard. Petronel is a strongly-made black colt, with a powerful back and good quarters. Unfortunately he is not entered for either the Derby or the St. Leger. The Duke of Beaufort has raced but little of late. This is not his first victory in the Two Thousand, as he won that race thirteen years ago with Vauban, who, by the way, was half-brother to Petronel's dam. Each time that he has won the Two Thousand Fordham has ridden for him, and the race of Wednesday last was a triumph of jockeyship. We are far from saying that the victory was won entirely by fine riding; but we may safely affirm that the slightest want of judgment on Fordham's part would inevitably have lost the race. It is certain that great credit is due to both the trainer and the rider of the winner. It may be that great credit is also due to the horse himself, but we are not very well assured at present upon this point. Of one thing, however, there can be no diversity of opinion—namely, that the late race for the Two Thousand was a remarkably fine contest. If the result throws but little, if any, light on future events, it rather increases than diminishes their interest, and we have enjoyed a capital race for the Two Thousand without exposing the three-year-old form of the first favourite for the Derby.

REVIEWS.

STUART'S NILE GLEANINGS.*

(First Notice.)

IT is a question whether work which is nearly good does not disappoint one more than work which is really bad. Mr. Villiers Stuart undertakes a very interesting and very important task. The whole title-page of his book will show its scope and his intentions:—*Nile Gleanings concerning the Ethnology, History, and Art of Ancient Egypt as revealed by Egyptian Paintings and Bas-reliefs; with descriptions of Nubia and its great Rock Temples to the Second Cataract.* Such a programme worthily carried out would produce a work of the highest value. The English works of this comprehensive class on Egypt are nearly all out of date. Very few competent historical scholars have the means necessary to the prosecution of such a design as Mr. Stuart's. He has spared no expense in digging, and has sought out places seldom visited. If he had added to his other outlay the engagement of an artist to make his drawings, or, still better, of a student of the Egyptian language to interpret the inscriptions, his labour would have been more fruitful than it is. When we endeavour to winnow from these Gleanings the grains of good corn and reject the chaff, it is surprising how little remains. Mr. Stuart's ignorance leads him so often into mistakes which are absolutely absurd that we are afraid to trust his observations when he is probably correct. To take a single example—he repeatedly asserts that the kings of the early monarchy were called "Servants of God." In p. 59 he complacently observes:—"I have to thank my moderate knowledge of hieroglyphics for the interesting discovery that each of these ancient kings bore the title of Hon Nuter, Servant of God." This is in an account of the tomb of a certain functionary where Mr. Stuart found the ovals of two old kings, "Khoufou" (elsewhere called Chufu and Shoofoo) and "Ouskaf," with the words *Hon Nuter* under them. He immediately concluded that *Hon Nuter* referred to the kings. His "moderate knowledge" betrayed him into a fatal error—an error so egregious that the reader whose knowledge is very little less moderate will feel inclined to shut up the book. *Hon Nuter*, as the most elementary work on hieroglyphic inscriptions might have informed Mr. Stuart, refers not to the Pharaoh, but to the functionary in whose tomb it occurs. He was *Hon Nuter*, priest to the divinity of Shoofoo, and the same to Ouskaf. So far from the king being called servant of God, he is called God, and the deceased is his worshipper. This error is repeated several times; but Mr. Stuart seems to have begun to feel some doubt as to it, for he puts a note at the end of the book in which he observes that the older kings did assume divine titles. In one of the plates Mr. Stuart gives an inscription of Seneferoo, the oldest king whose monuments have come down to us, and in it, if Mr. Stuart's "moderate knowledge" had sufficed, he would have found that the king calls himself "the golden Horus, the good god." We cannot go further back than Seneferoo.

Fortunately the whole book is not of this character. There is much in it which is marked by care, accuracy, and patient research. The illustrations are very numerous, though of unequal merit. A summarized account of Egyptian art is very useful. The table of temperature taken twice a day for the three winter months will entitle Mr. Stuart to the gratitude of a great many medical men and their patients. There is a somewhat superficial account of

* *Nile Gleanings.* By Villiers Stuart. London: John Murray. 1879.

hieroglyphs, in which, by the way, the reed which formed the first letter of the Egyptian alphabet is mistaken for a knife; and a list of pyramids, in which that of Teta wants a syllable; but these additions to the book will probably be found sufficiently complete and correct for the requirements of readers who do not want to go very deep into the subject. They have, at all events, the advantage of brevity. The chronological question—which, after all, is the great historical question in Egypt—is well stated. There is an excellent itinerary, with distances both up and down the Nile. The whole list of kings is given, from the celebrated table of Abood or Abydus; and, annexed to it, a translation—not always right—of the meaning of each king's title. At the end of the preface Mr. Stuart acknowledges his indebtedness to Dr. Birch and Brugsch Bey. It is a pity he did not submit his work to some such scholars for correction before sending into the world an ethnological theory like that found in the twenty-ninth chapter, or such a statement as that in the account of the Doseh, where he makes not one, but three horses, ride over the prostrate bodies. The plan of the work is good. We are taken over the ground as much as possible in chronological order. Mr. Stuart, therefore, begins at once with the pyramid field, and his chapter on Maydoom is the fullest account of that most interesting place that has yet appeared in English. The drawings of two of the tombs, though not remarkable for artistic skill, and very inferior in that respect to the works they represent, are valuable, the hieroglyphics being so carefully copied as to enable the reader to correct Mr. Stuart's erroneous translations.

Maydoom is, indeed, though seldom visited by travellers, in many respects the most remarkable place in Egypt. There we see for the first time writing in use. There are the oldest tombs. There the beautiful statues of Rahotep and Nefert—very inadequately sketched by Mr. Stuart—were found. Besides all this, there is the pyramid which the Arabs term "el Kedab," or the False, and which, while it is possibly the oldest in Egypt, has not yet been entered. With regard to this pyramid Mr. Stuart, though he does not describe it fully, establishes the fact, hitherto uncertain, that the great mound on which it appears to stand is in reality formed of partially disintegrated masonry; and that therefore the height of the whole mass from the ground is to be reckoned as that of the pyramid. This at once gives it rank as one of the greatest, not one of the least, as it has hitherto been supposed. The two tombs of which he gives views are those of Nefermt and his wife, the lady Atet, not *Atot*, as Mr. Stuart writes it. He makes a further mistake with regard to this lady, owing to the misleading system of transliteration he has learnt—a system, we regret to observe, followed by many of the chief English Egyptologists. "The Princess's name, Atot, is significant of the earliest times, for it was the name of the grandson of Mena." Now the successor of Mena, or Meny, the founder of the first dynasty, was Teti, and his successor was Atoth. This last is the name evidently in Mr. Stuart's mind; but there is no connexion whatever between it and the name of Atet, and the mistake is owing to the whimsical fact that the French, not having the sound of *th* in their language, ignore in transliteration the value of the hieroglyphic sign which appears as the last letter in the name of King Atoth, and which is absolutely identical with the Greek *theta* in one of its forms. The lady's name is made with a short *A* and two *t's*. As in Arabic and other languages, there is in the ancient Egyptian an unnamed vowel which interposes between two consonants, forming thus a syllable, pronounced, of course, like our short *e* in such a word as "kettle." Mr. Stuart makes too much of the scarcity of religious indications; for, though the figures of gods are absent from the monuments of the Early Monarchy, numerous priestly offices are mentioned. He gives a hieroglyph which consists of four little vases joined, and occurs on the exterior of the tomb; but in the text he puts three only, and they are upside down. He goes on to guess that one of them was for "Ammon Ra," and the others for Hathor, Isis, and Osiris. Apart from the mistake of considering Hathor and Isis as two distinct divinities, there is a second error in the sentence; for the worship of Amen—not Ammon—was introduced in the time of the Eleventh Dynasty, and these tombs probably belong to the time of the Third. As a rule, however, except when he guesses, Mr. Stuart is able to keep chronological sequence in his remarks, and does not, like many better authorities, jumble up together all periods and styles under the one term, Ancient Egyptian.

The difficulties of transliteration were never more plainly illustrated than in this book. The French spelling *ou* for our *oo*, a combination which, like *th*, the French language does not admit, and the use of *ch* for *sh*, for the same reason, show where Mr. Stuart obtained his "moderate knowledge." It has betrayed him into the error about Atet, and similar faults are thickly scattered through his pages. On the much-debated name which he gives as Ti, "or Tib, as the guide-books call him, in defiance of his hieroglyphic orthography," Mr. Stuart's remarks are misleading for precisely the same reason. One form of the Greek *theta* is derived, through the hieratic, from the final letter of the name of King Atoth, as we have seen. The other form is equally traced to the double loop of cord which is the initial of the name of Ti. The initial is followed by two vowels, both the same, and both answering to our short *a*, but still more nearly to the Hebrew and Arabic *Alaph*. Doubled, this letter must have become something exceedingly like our *y*. In any case, Mr. Stuart's suggestion of *Taa* is better than the French and German *Ti* or *Tib*, which does not contain a single letter of the original name. The functionary whose tomb is so regularly visited, and has been so often described, may be best called in English *Thy*. Mr.

Stuart does not often write about places so well-known; but here he seems to have gone out of his way to make a mistake. He copied the oval of one king, a king about whom there is certainly some doubt, but wholly neglected the other ovals in the same tomb, which solve the difficulty over which he spends some futile guessing. He has evidently never seen M. de Rougé's masterly work on the *Six Premières Dynasties*, or he could not have stumbled either here, or over the phrase "servant of the god."

The ethnological theory which we have referred to is stated in full in the twenty-ninth chapter. Where much more learned students than Mr. Stuart have hesitated, he is certain. He believes the civilized race which we find at the dawn of history already seated in the Nile Valley to be identical with that which peopled Europe, and that both came from Asia. It is really not worth while to go fully into what Mr. Stuart is pleased to consider reasons for this belief. The most elaborately stated is that of language, the very one, as most people have come to know, of least value in such an argument. In Mr. Stuart's hands it is simply misleading, and sometimes even goes against his theory. The substantial identity of "Mamma" in languages so essentially different as Egyptian, Sanscrit, Malay, and Cornish proves nothing. Some of the examples he gives are singularly unfortunate. "Hapi," he says, is the Egyptian ape-headed god, and he compares the name with our word "ape" and the German "affe"—a comparison which would be more striking were it not, unfortunately, that Hapi was not the ape-headed god, but the wolf-headed god commemorated in the Greek name of Lycopolis, or Ssoot, the city where a wolf was worshipped. Perhaps the most amusing of these comparisons is where Mr. Stuart, observing on the Egyptian hieroglyph for 100 that it is C, naively remarks, "May not our sign for a hundred-weight, cwt., be derived from it?" This is such an upside-down way of stating the question, and is so typical an example of Mr. Stuart's mode of argument, that it needs no comment. But it is curious that Mr. Stuart did not go on to discover the identity of several other Roman numerals, and perhaps all the Roman letters, with hieroglyphics. There are better things in the book than these, but we must reserve a notice of them for a second article.

THE RELIGIOUS DRAMA.*

OBERRAMMERGAU is, we suppose, responsible for this volume; and what the author and the translator have to say concerning its famous play will suffice for the purpose of most readers, though it adds nothing to the information previously accessible on the subject, or to the criticism which has from various points of view been expended upon it. Eduard Devrient's monograph of the year 1851 still remains by far the most interesting contribution to a special "literature" which is already assuming formidable proportions. Students of the drama are not likely to forget the fact that, in its original form, the composition of the Ettal monks dated from a period very far removed from the *naïveté* of the mediæval plays; and that though the taste of a later age greatly modified this Benedictine copy of Jesuit models, from a literary point of view that which is presented at Oberammergau cannot in any sense be called a popular play. Again, while as a matter of course the effect produced by the performance is in part due to causes which even the coolest critic would forbear from too readily defining to himself, it likewise owes something to others, the very obviousness of which has caused them to be overlooked. There are few companies of actors which have received a more thorough and continuous training than that of the peasant confraternity of Oberammergau. Their rustic stage has its treasury of traditions, and they have by constant practice learnt, what to a company of performers is worth infinitely more than the possession of two or three brilliant stars, the art of *playing together*. In 1871 (for we cannot speak from personal experience of earlier performances) the absence of anything like first-rate talent in the rendering of any of the leading parts in the representation—including the chief character—would have been disappointing, had it not been more than compensated for by the artistic adequateness of the whole. To be sure, the hand of the Munich artists could be more than guessed at; and its touches are not likely to be wanting in the performances of 1880. It is, however, quite possible to surrender oneself to the emotional effects of the last Mystery which is ever likely to be presented to large concourses of people in the Christian world, without fancying that the same effects could be produced on an educated spectator of the present day by a genuine religious play of the middle ages.

In bethinking himself of his more immediate public, the translator of the lectures before us has, by the changed title which he has adopted, avowedly done an injustice to their author's original scope. Professor Hase's subject was the Religious Drama of Christian times in general, and only part of his work is devoted to an account of Miracle Plays and Sacred Dramas proper. Indeed the earlier of these lectures, which more especially correspond to the title chosen by Mr. Jackson, seem to us by no means the most valuable of the series, the scheme of which is in any case a more comprehensive one than this title implies. A fuller and more systematic treatment than would probably have accorded either with the circumstances of their delivery or with the general range of their author's studies might have given these lectures a place of real importance in critical and historical literature.

* *Miracle Plays and Sacred Dramas*. A Historical Survey. By Dr. Karl Hase. Translated from the German by A. W. Jackson, and edited by the Rev. W. W. Jackson. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

ture. The history of the religious drama of the middle ages is full of interest in itself; but of even greater interest is the question of its relations to its successor—the modern regular drama of the West—and of the traces which the latter exhibits of the influence of its predecessor. Professor Hase has discussed this theme from various points of view in connexion with Spanish, French, and German dramatic literature; and he concludes with a brief essay on the relations between the Church and the Theatre which is neither out of place in this volume, nor (as a recent debate at Berlin has again shown) unseasonable with regard to the social life of Germany at the present day. From the history of English dramatic literature and of the English stage Professor Hase has derived fewer illustrations than might have been expected; but his omissions have been in some measure supplied by his English translator and editor, in additions to the notes, which, according to an exasperating fashion, are strung together at the end of the volume. Who can be expected, in the age in which we live, to have conscientiousness enough to look out in their proper places about two-score notes to each of half-a-dozen lectures? So far as we can observe, the translator has done his work well, though he might have looked more sharply after his printer. The form *Donaueschingen* is decidedly preferable to either *Donaneschingen* or *Donaveschingen*, which are offered for choice; and the forms *Poemiers* and *Veugéance* are equally distressing. Still further additions to the notes might of course be suggested on almost every page; thus we must express our surprise that in connexion with a German dialogue on the sickness and final testament of the Mass no reference should have been made to so well-known an English "treatous" as that commonly called *The burying of the Mass in Rhyme*, recently edited by Mr. Edward Arber in his admirable series of Reprints. It is of more importance that Professor Hase's editor not only permits him to quote uncontradicted the spurious declaration of the Blackfriars Players of the year 1589, but actually leaves the note untouched in which the German author innocently supports his quotation by a reference to Mr. Payne Collier's *New Facts*. This alone would suffice to show that Professor Hase does not write about the drama as a specialist; whereas the odd simplicity of the historical observation on the same page as the note referred to, that "in spite of the violence of his opinions Prynne never became a warm adherent of Cromwell," is of Jacksonian origin, and may perhaps be excused by the necessities of compression.

Although we cannot perceive any commanding necessity for the publication of this translation—which is too heavily weighted with incidental learning for a mere series of popular lectures, while, on the other hand, its incompleteness leaves it of doubtful value for students—yet we only give the book its due in describing it as both full of interesting matter, and fresh and spirited in the manner of its composition. Professor Hase's reputation has been gained by him as an ecclesiastical historian and theologian of the rationalistic school, certainly distinguished by clearness of exposition, and, if we rightly remember an anecdote which used to be current at Jena, wont to enliven his academic discourses by sallies of epigrammatic wit. To judge from the lectures before us, he seems to have retained his fondness for a joke; although, perhaps agreeably to the usual character of witticisms *ex cathedra*, some of Professor Hase's have rather an ancient flavour about them. We should at the same time observe that these lectures, though dealing with a theme in which it seems difficult to avoid both giving and taking offence, are written from first to last with perfect good feeling and good taste. It is needless to say that he is not concerned, as a divine, either to inveigh against the theatre or to defend it, or to offer for it that kind of half-apology which has been received with surprising thankfulness in our own country, to the effect that not all plays are vicious, nor all actresses such as Theodora was before she became an empress. The problem which he discusses in his concluding lecture and illustrates throughout the series is nevertheless a curious one, and has by no means always met with the same answer at different periods of the history of Christendom. Can and shall the Church and the theatre make direct use of one another?—for an indirect relation between two forces acting upon mankind is of course inevitable. Only very gradually has modern civilisation, in so far as it has favoured the stage at all, arrived at the conclusion which Professor Hase summarizes at the close of his last lecture, that the true union of the two forces does not lie in their identification. While the theatre has sought to dogmatize, and even to proselytize, the Church, where she has not regarded the theatre as "a chapel of Satan," has at times been fain to look upon it as "a portion of her own sacred building." There is, accordingly, doubtless a wider significance than the worthy King Frederick William III. intended in the rebuff which he administered to the faithful Bishop Eylert, when the latter had ventured to warn His Majesty that his subjects would say—

"The King can remain three hours, or even more, in the playhouse, but he never favours us with so long a time in the church." The King answered kindly: "I am glad to find you so frank. At the same time you must forgive me for saying that is rather an unmeaning remark of yours. You have compared two things which are not in the least alike. In the theatre one is amused; in the church one prays and seeks to be edified. Now it is easy to be entertained for hours, but one can only be earnestly devout for a short time."

King Frederick William III. was a man of honest but small mind; indeed Dr. Hase notes that he "was quite satisfied with insignificant pieces"; and he would perhaps, like our own King George, have thought plays of a different stamp "sad stuff." But he was quite right in pointing out that edification requires a respon-

sive effort which few men can afford at a theatre—at least, unless edification and amusement are in some way combined together. It was precisely this attempt which was made by the mediæval Church, and which, as it is one of the chief purposes of Professor Hase's lectures to show, is traceable even in later phases of the Christian drama than those to which the Mysteries, Miracle-plays, and Morals belong.

It seems unnecessary, after what has been already said, to make any further reference to the account given here of the relations between the Church of Rome and the stage in the middle ages. We must however protest, in passing, against the astounding statement that the Latin comedies of Hrothswitha "are in servile imitation of Terence." Undoubtedly Terence was the writer by whose enduring literary success the pious authoress professed to be shocked, and against whose comedies she, with modest daring, sought to pit her own; but, in reality, the latter differ from their nominal models in form almost as much as they do in spirit. In connexion with the public miracle-plays in general Professor Hase notices the custom of the whole company of actors kneeling down on the stage before the commencement of the performance to sing the hymn "Veni Creator Spiritus." This usage, which recalls the "God Save the Queen" at our opera-houses, seems to have been occasionally observed even after the Reformation; the choice of the hymn accords with its singular popularity and with the tradition which ascribed its authorship to Charles the Great. Noteworthy, again, and unfortunately again not without its modern analogies, is the circumstance that in many pieces (apparently of the early French religious drama) "the places where the Fool is to speak are merely denoted 'stultus loquitur,' without any words." It is questionable whether, even for Shakspeare's fools—seriously as he objected to the low comedian's undying privilege of gag—the whole of what they were expected to speak was "set down for them" by the playwright. Much else that is suggestive will be found in Professor Hase's first lecture; but in the second he enters upon ground which will be new to a greater number of readers. Undoubtedly the Renaissance, which heralded the Reformation, was destined both to bring about the beginnings of the regular modern drama and to extinguish its predecessor—the religious drama of the middle ages. But the process, as is known, was a slow, and long an incomplete one, in England, where the cause of the New Learning inspired as much of the stage literature of the early Tudor period as that of the Latin Church herself; and Professor Hase shows how gradually it was accomplished in Germany also, where both sides of the religious struggle likewise found advocates on the popular stage. In Germany, however, the Reformation availed itself of the aid of the drama with a promptitude and a vigour hardly observable in the same degree in England; so that the history of the German stage in the sixteenth century forms no unimportant part of the great movement in progress throughout the national life. Professor Hase has given some interesting illustrations of this phenomenon; for a clear sketch of the history of the early German drama, accompanied by selections of plays, his translator might have referred the reader to Goedeke and Pittmann's excellent series of *German Poets of the Sixteenth Century*, now in course of publication. Among these poets the most prominent place of course belongs to Hans Sachs, of whom Professor Hase well observes that "he seems to have felt no embarrassment in transporting his Lutheran belief into the very midst of his mediæval material with only a pious sentiment of the most general kind, or possibly with no object at all but that of gratifying his naïve delight in describing and composing." With Hans Sachs it has pleased Professor Hase to contrast, in a very suggestive lecture, the author of *Nathan the Wise*, which he defends against the specious charge that, under the pretence of equal fairness to the three religions, it is really unfair to the Christian. The argument is very temperately conducted; but there is a balancing manner about this part of the lecture which leaves the reader in something like suspense at the close. We notice, by the by, that with the story of the three rings, which Lessing borrowed from the *Decamerone*, is here compared the plot of a Lutheran polemic play acted at Eisleben shortly before the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War, written by Martin Rinckart (the author of *Nun danket alle Gott*), and called *The Christian Knight of Eisleben*. In this play the leading personages are Peter, Martin, and John—a curious, though of course far from extraordinary, coincidence with the names of the brothers in the *Tale of a Tub*, which has been supposed (in a most ingenious essay by Professor Caro) to have helped to suggest to Lessing the theme of *Nathan the Wise*.

In the lecture on the "Sacred Drama in Spain" Professor Hase is on ground well trodden, but of unique significance for the point of view from which he treats his subject. For it is in Spanish literature alone that the sacred Christian drama was cultivated with the highest literary success; in France, as the author shows in another lecture, the regular drama, even in its few earlier attempts on sacred themes, followed antique models. Nowhere did the drama more completely free itself from contact with the Church, although one famous production of Corneille's and two of Racine's are thoroughly entitled to be called religious plays. When we reach Voltaire we feel that he had as much right to call *Zaïre* a Christian play as to call *L'Orphelin de la Chine* a Chinese one; for the rest, Dr. Hase puts the matter neatly when he observes that

Voltaire, during the first decade of his brilliant career, seems rather to have hated the Church, in whose principles he had been educated by the Jesuits, than Christianity itself; indeed to this latter, which he never understood, he bore at no time a consistent hatred.

GERVASE OF CANTERBURY.*

GERVASE of Canterbury is a writer who from the circumstances of his life might have won for himself a foremost place amongst the historians of his own and even of other times. His life seems to have been spent within the walls of the cathedral convent; and his profession as a monk was made at the feet of Archbishop Thomas not many months after the latter had been consecrated to the primacy. But of the momentous struggle which ended in the murder of Thomas and his canonization Gervase has little to say; of the less important, though scarcely less bitter, conflict between the monks of Christ Church and the Archbishops, which broke out afresh after the death of Thomas, and was carried on with singular pertinacity by Archbishop Baldwin, he says perhaps too much. At least he fails to see things in their true proportions, and events of greater significance are dwarfed by prejudices which tend to make the interests of his conventual home the paramount interests of the world. His enthusiastic devotion to the society of which he was a member first kindled in him the desire to leave behind him a conclusive vindication of the monks; and to the narrative which he was thus induced to write he subsequently made additions which turned it into a chronicle of the reigns of Henry and Stephen and the first two Angevin kings. From this history Dr. Stubbs has, with the singular exactness and almost unerring judgment which mark all his work, brought together incidental statements which give us a fair picture of the personal life of Gervase. The evidence thus obtained enables him to refute the theories which have identified Gervase with other writers of the same name, and to assign to him his true value as an historian. This value is increased rather than lessened even by the peculiarities, which may not unfairly be regarded as demerits, of his work. The age was rich in historians who achieved a real greatness; and if for events of which he had personal knowledge Gervase chooses to cite their narratives almost without change, he admits their authority more effectually than if he had told the story in his own words.

It is strange that, apart from the great controversy between the monks and the Primate who was formerly their abbot, Gervase has very little to say about events which must have stirred his deepest feelings as a monk. He belonged to a convent which, more perhaps than any other in the land, was mixed up with the interests and controversies of Christendom, and he entered it just when the King and his old Chancellor were about to engage in deadly battle. The fact that he could refrain from writing down the occurrences of Becket's memorable pontificate while they were yet fresh in his mind, shows that he had not at starting any definite purpose of becoming an historian. Of his life before he became a monk nothing is recorded; and a reference to Vacarius as lecturing on law at Oxford has been rightly regarded as insufficient proof of the notion that he might have been trained in that University. If when he received orders from the Archbishop he had only just reached the canonical age, he was born probably about the year 1141; and the character and career of the great prelate with whom he was thus brought into contact would, we might suppose, give a strong impulse to the historical instinct of a young man of twenty-three if he had any within him. But we have no evidence of literary activity on his part for more than twenty years after this time; and of Thomas of Canterbury he tells us little from his own personal recollection, although the language which he uses towards him is that of enthusiastic veneration. After a most careful sifting of all the materials which can throw any light on the history of Gervase, Dr. Stubbs comes to the conclusion that he lived and died a simple monk of Christ Church, having probably seldom been beyond its walls except when he left them to plead the cause of his fellow-monks in the great quarrel with the Primate. That he was not present at the Archbishop's assassination is almost a certainty. Had he been so, he would have mentioned the fact, especially as he is careful to tell us that he was present on the next day at the burial. When at length his purpose of relating the controversy with Archbishop Baldwin was expanded into the idea of a more extended history, his recollections had lost much of their freshness, and he preferred to make use of existing materials. In so doing he shows that he was dealing with events of which he had personal knowledge. In Dr. Stubbs's words, "even the errors of arrangement which may be detected in it seem to be the errors of a man misled by an effort of his own memory. Gervase's narrative, then, has the value that belongs to confirmative evidence; he, having been on the spot and seen some part of what he records, deliberately gives an account of it in borrowed words." Four years after the martyrdom the cathedral was burnt; but his narrative of this calamity was not committed to writing until eleven years had passed away after the event. In the interval he may have been busied with inditing some of the many letters which went forth to the world from the cathedral convent on the subject of the great quarrel. These "Epistolæ Cantuarienses" were published in the series of the Master of the Rolls in 1865; and the circumstances under which they were written, as well as the lessons conveyed by the controversy, were carefully examined and set down in the Introduction. The language of some of these letters is in close agreement with

that of Gervase's chronicle; and there seems to be nothing against the inference that they were from the pen of Gervase himself.

That a writer whose long life as a monk was so seldom broken by visits to the outer world should be a thorough monk, with no very strong feelings apart from the interests of his convent, is only what we should expect. With these interests nothing is allowed to interfere; where these are not concerned he can speak and write heartily on the side of the Archbishops; and, more especially, he can become their champion in their controversies with the neighbouring abbey of St. Augustine, with the monks of Rochester, or with the secular power. It was the great strife with Baldwin which in the end made Gervase a chronicler; and the nucleus round which his work gathered was furnished by two cases, if the legal phrase may be used, which he drew up—one on the side of the Archbishop, the other on that of the convent. The former is termed an "Imaginatio," the latter a "Responsio" on the part of the prior. These are followed by an historical exposition of the question of internal administration, and by a recapitulation of the whole controversy addressed to the Pope. Dr. Stubbs rightly regards as untenable the theory that these documents may have been essays, composed years after the event; and urges that, on this supposition, it is not

easy to explain why these episodes should have been first treated in the Chronicle on a scale so disproportionate not only to the general history of the time, but to the other particulars concerning the fortunes of the monastery. They could on this theory have appeared in their completeness only in a minute chronicle of the convent; but Gervase's Chronicle is so far from being a complete chronicle of the convent that he does not even give the exact or carefully dated sequence of the priors of his own time.

The language of Gervase is seldom, indeed, so precise as to justify historical inferences which are based only on particular expressions. In the year 1193 he was sacrist; four years later he speaks of Felix, whom he styles sacrist of Canterbury, as appointed to the priory of St. Martin's, Dover. It might be supposed that in the interval Gervase himself had been at St. Martin's, and this conjecture might receive some countenance from the passage in which he disclaims all ambition of being ranked amongst professed chroniclers, inasmuch as he writes not for public libraries, but for his brother Thomas and his poor little family—"tibi, mi frater Thoma, et nostre familiolæ pauperulæ." It seems strange and, as Dr. Stubbs remarks, "scarcely reconcilable with sincere humility," thus to characterize the great, rich, and powerful community of Christ Church. But, although the expression might suit the smaller society at Dover, the list of priors, which is complete for this whole period, makes it certain that Gervase was never numbered among them. We must therefore conclude that the phrase denotes here the cathedral convent. From this point we have nothing to illustrate the personal fortunes of Gervase. His life was prolonged into the reign of John, and he proposed to relate the story from the death of Richard in the second book of his Chronicle; but Dr. Stubbs adds that there is no proof that this second book was ever written. If it was written, it has been lost; but Gervase speaks of the lessons which by the "grace of God" may be drawn from his relation of the troubles of the church of Canterbury as given in that book, and this is a sure sign that the book existed only in the mind of the author. He wrote, however, after completing the first part of his Chronicle, which is published in the volume before us, "a compendium of the history of the British Kings, of the Anglo-Saxon dynasties, and of the Norman and Angevin reigns down to the reign of John; to be followed by a history of Canterbury and its archbishops to the time of Hubert Walton." Subsequently he wrote a small tract on the political and ecclesiastical geography of Britain, adding to it "a somewhat scanty 'Provinciale' of the Catholic Church," giving to the whole the title "Mappa Mundi." These treatises will form the second volume of the present work, and the full examination of them is reserved for the Introduction to that volume. In the meantime the editor expresses his opinion that Gervase himself probably brought down the "Gesta Regum" to the year 1210, and that, although it is possible that they may have been an abridgment of a larger continuation of the Chronicle, it is more likely, in the absence of any proof of the existence of such a continuation, that "we have in the Gesta rather notes made in preparation for a continuation than an abridgment of such a work."

The exact date of his death is not known. The obituaries of the convent contain the names of three monks called Gervase, commemorated respectively on the 1st of January, the 14th of March, and the 30th of April; but there is nothing to indicate the year to which they belong, or which of these three was Gervase the Chronicler. The question whether Gervase is to be identified with some one of several writers bearing this name is more important; and Dr. Stubbs has examined it with a fulness of learning which leaves no room for doubting his conclusion. That he was not the same as Gervase of St. Ceneri, in Alençon, is proved by the later date at which the Canterbury chronicler made his monastic profession; that he was not the Gervase of Chichester mentioned by Herbert of Bosham as a young scholar who among others attached himself to Thomas Becket, is shown by the fact that the latter was not a monk, and that he is known as the author of a commentary on Malachi, of which our chronicler makes no mention in the list of his own writings. But without following the editor through his exhaustive arguments, it is enough to say that the attempts to identify him with any other writers of his own age must fail in face of the fact, already noted, that the whole evidence at our com-

* *The Historical Books of Gervase of Canterbury*. Vol. I. Edited from the manuscripts. By William Stubbs, D.D., Hon. LL.D., Canon-Residentary of St. Paul's, &c. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London. 1879.

mand exhibits Gervase as a simple monk who from the time of his early manhood spent his whole life at Canterbury.

For the general character of his narrative it may be said that his honesty may be clearly discerned through his prejudices. There may be a suppression of facts, but there is no distortion of them. Of the former we have a notable instance in the singularly meagre account of the reign of Richard, except in so far as it immediately affected the convent. Like his father, he is an object of dislike to the chronicler, although the former is spoken of with more bitter vehemence. The deaths of both were judgments for their sins against the Christ Church monks. The captivity of Richard is mentioned with evident satisfaction. The story of his last days is related without pity. It was not enough that Richard on his death-bed should protest that if he had done any harm to the church of Canterbury it must be ascribed wholly to the suggestion of others.

If we turn to contemporary events not bearing on the fortunes of the convent, it is not easy to find from the narrative of Gervase their true relations to the history of the nation. It is quite certain that if this had been the only source of information accessible to him, Thierry could never have drawn his picture of William of the Long Beard. In the pages of Gervase William is a criminal whose acts are almost too shameful to be mentioned, and whose purpose is nothing less than the destruction of the State. The miracles performed after his death were speedily stopped, he says, by the scourging of those who were the witnesses or the recipients of them; but Gervase forgets that the application of such a test would stop miracles in other places scarcely less effectually. In the narrative of Matthew Paris William is a man who was done to death because he told the truth and maintained the cause of the poor—"pro assertione veritatis et pro causâ pauperum tuendâ"; and the historian adds emphatically that, if the cause makes a martyr, William had established his claim to the title. But, as the editor remarks, the prepossessions of Gervase are so transparent that they cannot mislead the reader, while in the general faithfulness of his history we have "a sort of subsidiary evidence, by no means to be despised, to the more worthy treatment which the period has received from other historians."

VIDA.*

VIDA is a curiously pleasing book. It answers exactly to the description given in its second title, "Study of a Girl"; and in the history of the girl of whom Miss Dunsmuir has made the study there is nothing more exciting than the fact that she is motherless, that she is hardly appreciated by her father, and that she receives three offers of marriage. Yet in the two volumes which make up the book there is so much simplicity and earnestness, such truthful exposition rather than analysis of character, that the faults which the work possesses are easily pardoned in consideration of its somewhat quaint and agreeably old-fashioned merits. Foremost among these faults we should be inclined to place the introduction of a long religious dialogue, which occupies the whole, or nearly the whole, of a chapter in the second book. But when this has been said it is only fair to add that in this there is no touch of the kind of offensiveness which too often belongs to such matters when they are put into the pages of a novel, or rather of a "tale"; for *Vida* is described much more naturally by that old-fashioned nomenclature than by any modern name. The thing is, to our thinking, a mistake in art, and, strictly speaking, in taste, although the phrase "bad taste" cannot, in its usual and condemnatory sense, be applied to Miss Dunsmuir's work, the very simplicity of which saves it from such a reproach. The author would have done better to meddle no further with the religious condition and theological difficulties of her heroine than she does in some passages of the first volume, where, lightly touched upon and exhibiting with truth a phase through which most young people of any marked intelligence pass, they seem to be not out of place. If, however, the chapter to which we have referred is a mistake, it is one which need not excite any feeling stronger than regret; and there are, we believe, some readers who like to take their fiction and religion in a mixture. *Vida's* views are at any rate not disagreeably narrow, as may be judged from the fact that her first spiritual difficulty arises from horror and surprise at the Divine vengeance which is recorded to have overtaken Uzzah. Another mistake is the introduction of two entirely needless deaths—one of them that of a singularly attractive character; but here also criticism is to a certain extent disarmed by the evident fact that nothing can have been further from the writer's mind than bringing them in for the sake of effect. They are related quite simply as actual facts might be related, and of course it is only by dint of practised skill or of unusual instinct that a writer can command the manipulation of probable facts which is demanded by what may be termed the *optique du roman*.

David—or, as she is generally called, *Vida*—Callander is the motherless daughter of a minister who has his dwelling in the beautiful Scotch island of Arran. There is something pathetic in her first appearance when, conscious of her loneliness, she tries to make friends with some of the village children and join in their sports. "Your name is Jeanie Millan, isn't it?" she asked of the eldest—a girl slightly older than herself. "I see you are going after nuts.

Will you let me go with you?" Jeanie looked as stupid and awkward as only a Scotch child can look, and after waiting some time replied, with downcast looks, "If ye please, mem. We canna hinder you." The spirit of the reply was so different from what *Vida* expected that it provoked her somewhat. "Don't call me mem," she answered, a little sharply." The end of *Vida's* undertaking is not more happy than its beginning. Leaving the other children to the enjoyment of some "cookies" which she has bought for them, and which they are too shy to eat in her presence, she seeks out a solitary nook to indulge that sorrow which, the author says, "is the peculiar luxury of childhood; there is nothing to qualify and nothing to complicate it." Descriptions of such incidents as this, dwelling on childlike feelings and perplexities, are not easy things to handle. It is to the writer's credit that her sentiment is never maudlin, and that touches which may be called trivial or even puerile in themselves have their value in relation to the development of a character which is singularly attractive. Whether Miss Dunsmuir is wise in leaving readers to form for themselves an idea of the dead mother from whom—on the reversed principle of "C'était donc monsieur votre père qui n'était pas si bien"—*Vida* must have inherited her nobler qualities, is possibly open to question, at any rate as regards the tastes of those readers who like to have everything fully explained. For our own part, however, we are well content with the pleasure we have derived from following *Vida* through the various phases between childhood and womanhood.

Mr. Callander, *Vida's* father, is a man who, if not soured, is at least dried up by disappointment, and who, though like Lancelot Gobbo he is "kind enough," has no comprehension of or sympathy with his child's feelings and nature. Thus practically her only companion and guide is the devoted old nurse Nannie, to whom reference has already been made as a personage whose death is needlessly brought in. The monotony of *Vida's* existence is, however, broken presently by the arrival of two ladies—Mrs. Hope and her daughter Mrs. Stanley—who have taken a large house hard by the minister's dwelling, and who duly call at "The Manse," a civility which Nannie instructs her "bairn" to return without loss of time. There is not a little humour of a semi-pathetic kind in the description of *Vida's* carrying out this command. "Why should they come here?" she has asked of her oracle Nannie, and has received for reply, "Weel, I daresay they ken that Mr. Callander's the minister, and they think it's a proper respect to ca'. And now that they've dune that, *Vida*, ye canna dae less than gang up the morn, and ca' upon them." The call has its terrors and difficulties for *Vida*, who is arrayed in strange fashion for the occasion by Nannie; but the child's innate ladylikeness carries her through. "I think I have stayed long enough now," she says at the end of it, "gravely appealing to Mrs. Hope's superior knowledge"; and when Mrs. Hope expresses a polite wish that they may meet again, she replies, "I will come back whenever you like. I like very much to look out of these windows; at home we can't see so far, because the house is lower down and the wood comes in the way. But the wood is pretty too." Mrs. Hope is as much pleased as her daughter Mrs. Stanley is displeased with *Vida*. The one thinks her forward and designing, the other simple and straightforward. *Vida's* judgment on them, delivered to Nannie, is, "I liked Mrs. Hope; but Mrs. Stanley is rude. I don't think she's a real lady. . . . She laughed at me two or three times." "Hoots, bairn," replies Nannie, "ye maun ha been sayin' somethin' fulish." *Vida* answers, "I don't think so; but even if I did, she should not have laughed till after I went away." The importance to the story of the episode of Mrs. Hope's and Mrs. Stanley's arrival in Arran lies in the fact that they bring with them a boy, by name Arthur Kennedy, grandson to Mrs. Hope, and nephew to her daughter. With him, while he is fishing, or trying to fish, one morning, *Vida* falls in, and the two soon strike up a firm friendship. The absolute hopelessness of Mr. Callander as a father for such a girl as *Vida* is well brought out in connexion with this. He gives her a note from young Kennedy, of which she tells him the purport:—

"It is from Arthur Kennedy to say why he could not walk with me on Wednesday because he had a friend with him, and they went up Goat Fell, and he seems to have been tired; but he says he is better now, and will come some day soon instead."

"I do not feel quite certain," said Mr. Callander slowly, "that you ought to walk about with Arthur Kennedy, *Vida*."

Vida looked up in frank and blank surprise.

"I mean," said Mr. Callander, wondering why he could not prevent his eyes from falling, when *Vida's* were so steadily raised, "I'm not quite sure that it is quite the thing to do."

Fortunately *Vida* caught no glimmering of his meaning.

"I don't think Arthur would do it unless it was the thing to do," she said innocently. "He has no brothers, or sisters either, and that is why we like one another."

Mr. Callander, thus baffled, takes counsel with Nannie on the subject, and gets nothing from her but a merited rebuke. "These," he says to her, "are evidently people of position, and I should not like the idea of our forcing—"

"And gin they be," Nannie replies, "gin they be in any position ye like, a' I can say is, that they're a' the mair shootable for *Vida* to ken. My mistress's dochter needna hing her heed afore onybody. And for *Vida*, though she's gey wilfu', and tak's little thought, and though I canna gar her fauld her claes, and her sampler's nae farrer on than it was at Christmas, she can come forrit, and tak' her place wi' the best o' them. I'll say that for her, though I wadna feel mysel' free to say 't till her."

* *Vida: Study of a Girl*. By Amy Dunsmuir. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

The friendship between Arthur and Vida continues then, in spite of the constant efforts of Mrs. Stanley to put a stop to it. Arthur gets much good both from the air of Arran and the unconscious influence of Vida, and in the following summer he insists upon dragging his good-natured grandmother back to Carrachan. Then comes the inevitable change in the position of the boy and girl. On the last evening of his second visit Arthur recurs to the promise made between them the year before, to be always brother and sister, and proposes with boyish eloquence that they should be lovers instead. That, Vida says, she knows nothing about. "Well," continues Arthur, "you know what *sweethearts* are, don't you, Vida?" To this she makes the somewhat disconcerting reply, "Yes, I think I do. They are people who do silly things. They hold one another's hands, and they go out and walk together all alone. Everybody laughs at them. They are foolish sort of people." Arthur replies to a practical remark of hers, "As to changing our minds, I shall never change mine; I can never like any other girl as much as you; and I thought you would have felt the same." To this Vida answers with charming simplicity that the cases are somewhat different. Arthur has seen a great many girls, and can tell which he likes best, but she has seen scarcely anybody. "I do like you *very* much, but you are the only boy that I know, and so I can't tell whether I should like you best, if I knew the others. And when I grow up and go to Campbellton and Glasgow, I might see some one even nicer, and I might be sorry I had promised. Don't you see?" The interview is closed by Vida's bursting into a fit of laughter at Arthur's asking for a withered rose which she has been wearing during the evening.

The story of the book is, as we have hinted, slender; and we will not spoil the enjoyment of people who cannot bear a book without a story by revealing what befalls Kennedy, Vida, and the other characters, after Vida has come to years of discretion. A word of praise, however, must be given to the drawing of one character, Mr. Jeffrey the minister, who plays an important part in the second volume, and who has not yet been mentioned. There is no violent excitement in *Vida*, and therefore there are probably some novel-readers who, to use an old-fashioned phrase, will not "taste" it. We have, we hope, said enough to recommend it to persons who are satisfied without battle, murder, and sudden death. The book has much merit and more promise.

TWO BOOKS ON SOUTH AFRICA.*

IF we have paid somewhat dearly for our campaigning in Zululand, and if the annexation of the Transvaal appears a questionable speculation, at all events and by way of compensation, they ought to extend our acquaintance with Southern Africa. Here we have two more books on the subject, and both decidedly readable; though that of Sir Stephen Lakeman takes us back to the former Kaffir war, while Captain Parker Gillmore deals with recent history. The latter gentleman, who must be more or less familiar with most quarters of the globe, is favourably known to readers of South African literature as author of *The Great Thirst Land*; and he has always exciting adventures to describe in lively, if somewhat unstudied, language. When our troubles with the Zulu King broke out, and our invading forces were fairly set in motion, it occurred to Captain Gillmore to place his experience and services at the disposal of the War Office. It may have been among the surprises and sensations of his adventurous life when the authorities promptly closed with his offer. Equally promptly he reported himself in Natal, presenting himself at headquarters to receive his instructions. The mission he undertook was a dangerous one, and certain to entail extreme hardships. He was to make a tour among the independent chiefs of Bechuana Land, and endeavour to obtain men and animals for our transport service, which threatened to collapse altogether.

In more settled times he might have counted confidently on a civil reception from the native potentates; and he would have been all the more hospitably received because he travelled with a well-filled purse as an accredited agent of our Government. On former occasions he had hunted over much of the territory, and several of the chiefs were old acquaintances. But, for the moment, circumstances had changed. The unsuccessful beginning of our operations, and the disastrous affair at Isandula, had shaken the faith of the Bechuana in British ascendancy. Already some of the tribes were thinking of casting in their lot with Cetewayo; and sundry Boers who had settled to the northward among them were trekking towards the colony in extreme alarm. The money in Captain Gillmore's possession and his weapons might decide some kraal of savages to make a victim of the solitary Englishman. He carried no other property to tempt their cupidity. He had not even a change of clothes; and a couple of sleeping blankets was his entire outfit. He had neither ox-waggons, nor bales of cotton goods, nor boxes of beads, nor a troop of attendants. He travelled with three or four horses, which he cast and changed from time to time; sometimes he was accompanied by a couple of after-riders, or by a single one, as the case might be; while occasionally he failed to engage a follower and had to ride absolutely alone. He describes the country he visited as a flat table-

land, elevated some five thousand feet above the sea-level. Much of it is desert or scrub-covered wilderness; here and there he came upon park-like expanses of picturesque rolling ground, abounding in various kinds of game and timbered with clumps of acacia. Now and again there were isolated koppies—"excrescences from the surface of the plains, regular in outlines, though composed of a jumble of gigantic fragments of rock." In these koppies, which are so many natural fortresses, the kraals of the chiefs were generally situated; and the land around them was more or less cultivated. The first part of his long ride lay through the sparsely settled frontier districts of the Transvaal. Even there the travelling was by no means agreeable; the Boers naturally regarded the Englishman with anything but friendliness; and once at least when he sought their hospitality, he was repelled by a barricaded door and a rifle projected from an upper window. Even at the inns, where his wants were fairly well supplied, the bills were extortionate; and we greatly doubt whether he can have saved anything considerable from the pay and allowances he received from the War Department. The first Kaffir village where he entered on the objects of his diplomacy was Linkani; and there he had a foretaste of what awaited him elsewhere. The people of Linkani were Christianized and half civilized: he was hospitably entertained in the house of a Danish missionary, whose lines seem to have fallen in pleasant places, for the description of the bungalow-like residence in orchards swarming with turtle doves and singing birds stands out like the picture of an earthly Paradise. But there was political strife in the community, embodied in the persons of a couple of rival chiefs. In African fashion, they interposed formal delays to the business interviews, and the interviews ended by their declining to part with any of their people. They excused themselves on grounds more or less plausible, but Captain Gillmore surmised that neither of them cared to weaken his following in presence of a competitor who might take advantage of the opportunity. On other occasions, indeed, such reasons were frankly alleged. Chiefs who were at chronic feud with their neighbours could not afford to invite an attack by detaching a portion of their fighting men; and they feared besides to provoke the vengeance of Cetewayo, in the event of the white men having the worst of the struggle with him. The chiefs of Linkani, if they did not assent to Captain Gillmore's proposals, set no obstacles in the way of his departure. Elsewhere he found himself repeatedly in very critical situations; and could only extricate himself from the circles of insolent savages by audacity backed up by a display of his revolvers. More than once, he had warning that he was to be waylaid on his departure; and from one village he was forced to ride for his life, having changed his proposed route after leaving the huts behind him.

Apart from the chance of being assassinated, the actual dangers of the road were serious enough. One night in particular, which he passed in a tropical rain storm—rain of any kind being phenomenal in that district—was marked very unpleasantly in his memory. With his two attendants, he had failed in reaching the water they had been steering for, and having come upon some bushes and broken sticks, had decided to light a fire and bivouac. In utter weariness he had fallen asleep to waken almost immediately and find himself covered with ants. Having stripped off his clothes, it took him a full half-hour to free himself from his tormentors by the help of his attendants, when his "wounds had to be carefully smeared with a piece of fat." Notwithstanding the smart, he went to sleep once more, to be woken again by the rain coming down in a deluge. Then he took refuge in a little cart he had with him, where he was speedily "saturated as a sponge," and so chilled that his teeth chattered. He had soon an opportunity of restoring the circulation. His horses took fright at some nocturnal animal—which proved afterwards to be a lion—broke their fastenings, and bolted into the darkness. Immediate pursuit was necessary. Captain Gillmore ran till ready to drop, toiling through the sand after his Hottentot lad; when he was left behind, in the pleasant belief that he was lost, out of sight of the fire and beyond call of the cart. By a happy chance, at that moment he heard his boy's voice, who had just then come up with the horses; but, even with the aid of the native's sagacity, they had the utmost difficulty in retracing their steps. Next morning he was suffering from a violent attack of fever; one of his boys "was doubled up with pains in the stomach"; they had nothing for breakfast but some burned bok meat; and, to crown all, after the deluge that had poured on them for hours, they could not find a drop of drinking-water. "The thirsty soil had drunk it all up." Throughout his forced marches the scarcity of water, as may be supposed, caused him far more suffering than any superfluity of it, though fording the rivers was sometimes awkward. Before taking leave of him, we may notice an adventure which nearly brought his journey to a premature conclusion, while at the same time it is a pleasing illustration of the kindness which may sometimes be met with in an African kraal. At that time he was riding homeward alone, having just buried his only attendant in the wilderness; and his own health had so utterly broken down that he began to make up his mind to the worst. He decided that his best chance for safety was to make a bold push for the nearest Kaffir station, across sixty or seventy miles of uninhabited country; although the odds seemed in favour of his missing his point, if he did not drop on the way. On the second day, after long and weary riding through desert covered with thorny scrub, he seemed to have made no progress. His strong and plucky little horse was staggering and stumbling under him, and no wonder. Neither horse nor rider had

* *On Duty: a Ride Through Hostile Africa.* By Parker Gillmore, Author of "The Great Thirst Land," &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1880.

What I Saw in Kaffir-Land. By Sir Stephen Lakeman (Mazhar Pacha). Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

drunk that day or the day before. After sundown he hit on a recent waggon spoor which guided him to the kotla of the old chief Matlaping. The reception was characteristic. The group on which the Englishman intruded gave no sign of welcome, but continued cowering round the fire, though one of them handed him a gourd when he asked for water. In dismounting he sank exhausted to the ground, and then the king and his people raised him, while the former whispered the word "welcome." After that he had nothing to complain of. They nursed him carefully, and treated him most generously, even going the length of giving him a jorum of hot toddy, made from a bottle of precious Hollands gin. Thanks to his courage, tact, and resolution, Captain Gillmore came back in safety to the colony to write his entertaining volume; and we may add that, with his long acquaintance with the country, he heartily approves the annexation of the Transvaal.

What Sir Stephen Lakeman saw of Kaffir-Land was seen, as we have said, more than thirty years ago. Having been with the French staff in some of their Algerian campaigns, he had fallen in love with the Minié rifle. On his return to England he had several interviews on the subject with the Duke of Wellington; and when war broke out at the Cape, he volunteered for service there, on condition that the men under him should be armed with his favourite weapon. The offer was accepted, though clogged with the condition that he was to raise two hundred men himself, and arm them with the Minié at his own expense. Sir Stephen, then a very young man, and apparently with as much money as enthusiasm, took shipping straight away for the Cape. There Sir Harry Smith took him cordially by the hand; offering an additional bounty of 2*l.* per head for each man he might enlist. The story of the recruiting is amusingly told; and surely, since Falstaff mustered the company for his march through Coventry, there never was a more motley or a more disreputable corps. Not a few of them were notoriously escaped convicts; others enlisted under pressure from the police, who had offered them the alternative of military glory or a prison; while the ranks were positively swelled by a contingent of the halt and maimed. Most of these gentlemen took the liberal bounty with the firm resolution of limiting their operations to the pot-houses of Cape Town. It was only by a masterly strategical manoeuvre, and by the active exertions of a corps of sturdy blue-jackets, that they were swept up after a field-day on the beach and stowed away on board a transport. Once pushed to the front, they appear to have behaved creditably. But, though Sir Stephen and his men were repeatedly praised in General Orders, he owns frankly that they often owed their "honourable mention" rather to good luck than to good management. On the first occasion when they covered themselves with laurels some steady shooting from the Kaffirs had nearly thrown them into utter confusion. "I ran to the front and shouted out, 'We shall all be shot if we remain here in the open! To the bush, my lads! to the bush!'" So they charged gallantly forward into the bush by way of seeking cover. The tables were turned, and the natives "skedaddled." Sir Stephen attributes his successes chiefly to his system of making night attacks; for "the Kaffir, lithe, supple, and vicious as a snake during the heat of the day, loses much of his treacherous energy at night." A crime perpetrated by one of the smartest and most trustworthy of his non-commissioned officers is significant of the stamp of men he commanded. A certain Sergeant Herridge took a fancy to a singular necklace of teeth worn by an old Kaffir woman. The old lady declined to part with the ornament, whereupon the sergeant dogged, waylaid, and murdered her, as he confessed afterwards on the deathbed to which he had been brought by his remorse. One of the most interesting chapters is that which gives an account of an interview of Sir Stephen with Sandilli, the celebrated fighting chief of the Gaikas who has since caused us so much expense and anxiety. To do Sandilli bare justice, Sir Stephen's narrative illustrates his consistent patriotism. Though, on the intervention of a favourite sister, he consented to meet the English commander, he never sought to conceal his feelings of animosity. Indeed the meeting threatened to end in bloodshed, when, at a sign from the English commander, a sergeant in attendance brought the muzzle of his gun, "as if by accident, somewhere near Sandilli's head." Necessarily the story of Sir Stephen Lakeman has lost something in interest by long keeping; yet his experiences of bush campaigning and his knowledge of Kaffir nature make it entertaining reading even now.

SISTER DORA.*

THIS is a record of a noble, though not a perfect nor perhaps altogether a beautiful life. And Miss Lonsdale has told her story well, giving us both the good and the bad, or rather let us say both the strong and the weak points, in the character and conduct of her heroine; for bad is not the word to apply to some blemishes in a really grand character and a life devoted with unsparring energy and self-sacrifice to the bodily and spiritual service of her fellows. A lady who visited Sister Dora at Walsall, where she had then been nursing for seven years, describes her in 1872 as "a tall, black-haired, handsome woman, brimming over with fun and energy," who picked out the humorous side of everything, and was as fascinating a woman as she had ever met, but

adds—what will appear in the sequel to have been a just criticism—that "she would not make as good a second in command as she does chief, being human and taking an ardent pride in her own good management, which she is much too transparent and open-hearted to hide." And her biographer frankly points out how this feeling of pride or jealousy made her refuse to appoint any deputy when she left her own work for a time to take charge of an Epidemic Hospital, merely telling her pupils to divide the work among them and do their best till her return. She was even tempted to betray "an unworthy dislike" of those who showed any special capacity for filling her place; and the same proud temper made pity intolerable to her, so that in her last illness two of her sisters, who had come to her, were obliged after a week's stay to take a sorrowful leave, because "from her almost frantic desire for the concealment of her complaint (cancer) she would not allow them to nurse her." We have purposely noted at starting this obvious, though very intelligible, failing, which was the more conspicuous from the childlike frankness and transparency of her nature. But it must not be taken for more than it is worth, and still less should it blind us to the genuine nobility of her character and work as a whole. It would be a great mistake to call her masculine, though she took far more kindly, as is not unusual in such cases, to the nursing of men and boys than of her own sex, and gained a wonderful influence over them. In spite of her religious profession, the precise nature of which is not very clearly indicated, she twice received offers of marriage, and on one of these occasions we are told that some members of the Sisterhood at Coatham, to which she then belonged, as well as other friends, urged her to accept it. But she had resolved to devote herself to a different career, for which she unquestionably had very remarkable aptitudes, though towards the end of her days she was heard to say, "If I had to begin life over again, I would marry, because a woman ought to live with a man and to be in subjection." To be in subjection was however just what she could least endure, and it may well be doubted if domestic life would have been her most appropriate sphere; it was anyhow a sphere to which from the earliest age she manifested a marked and almost obstinate repugnance.

Dorothy Pattison, daughter of the Rev. Mark Pattison, and sister of the present Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, was born at Hauxwell Rectory in Yorkshire in June 1832, being the youngest but one of twelve children. While still a mere girl she gave a prognostication of that speciality at once for nursing and for winning and influencing boys which became so prominent in her after career:—

While she was travelling abroad, a schoolboy in the village, who was specially attached to her, fell ill of rheumatic fever. The boy's one longing was to see "Miss Dora" again, and as he grew worse and worse, and still she did not come home, he constantly prayed that he might live to see her. On the day on which she was expected he sat up on his pillows intently listening, and at last, long before any one else could hear a sound of wheels, he exclaimed, "There she is! there's Miss Dora!" and sank back. She went to him at once, and stayed with him, nursing him till he died.

In 1861 she finally left home, much against her father's wishes, and worked for three years as parish schoolmistress at Little Woolston, near Bletchley, but this was only a temporary experiment. In the autumn of 1864 she joined the Sisterhood of the Good Samaritans at Coatham, and early in the following year was sent to nurse in a Cottage Hospital at Walsall, a town of "the Black Country," where, with a few short breaks, the remainder of her life was to be spent. What her work there was it is the main purport of this biography to explain, and the tale does certainly read in parts almost like a romance, though we see no reason to question the accuracy of Miss Lonsdale's statements. But one hardly knows whether to marvel most at the moral or the physical power and manual dexterity of the versatile and ubiquitous Sister. Let us give a few specimens. A fine healthy young man was brought into hospital one night with his arm torn by a machine, and the doctor said it must be amputated at once. Sister Dora declared she could save it, if he would let her try. He told her she was mad, but if she chose to have the man's death on her conscience, he should neither interfere nor help her. She did save the arm, which was always thenceforth called "Sister's arm." Years afterwards, when she was very ill, the young man walked over every Sunday from the place where he worked, eleven miles off, to inquire for her. When the servant answered his vigorous pull at the hospital bell, he asked "How's Sister?" and having got his answer said "Tell her that's her arm that rang the bell," and walked back again. The setting of fractures and drawing of teeth, when no surgeon was present, were common operations to her, but she never touched a wound or set a fracture without first uttering a prayer. The doctor she worked under described her physical strength as gigantic. When a huge collier fell out of bed, she picked him up like a baby and put him back again; on one occasion a delirious patient, "a tall, heavy man, in the worst stage of confluent smallpox," sprang out of bed howling and rushed to the door, whereupon she grappled with him, got him back into bed, and held him there by main force till the doctor arrived in the morning. When a boy, who had chopped off a finger, came to the hospital, she sent him home to fetch the finger, set the fracture, and the surgeon testifies that it healed perfectly. One night the doctor, as a forlorn hope, performed the operation of tracheotomy on a child in the last stage of diphtheria; "Sister Dora knelt down by the bed, put her mouth to the incision, and deliberately cleared the child's throat of the poisonous mucus which was choking it," so that it recovered. And Miss

* *Sister Dora. A Biography.* By Margaret Lonsdale. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

Lonsdale assures us "it is a fact that she was in the habit of bringing back to life patients who had sunk into the first stage of the fatal collapse which so often precedes death from smallpox by actually putting her mouth to theirs, and breathing into them, until vitality was restored."

But if her bodily strength and nerve was wonderful, her moral courage was more astounding still. Several stories illustrating this are given, as for instance how in one of the most infamous quarters of Walsall she flung herself between two wild Irishmen engaged in a bloody fight, with whom the police dared not interfere, and they at once desisted; and how on another night she entered a public-house of such repute that "she hardly knew whether she ought not to expect to be murdered there," to attend a man wounded in a fight, and every hat was taken off as she appeared on the scene. A wonderful story is told of her pioneering the clergy during a mission at Walsall into one of the worst slums of the town, in the hope of rescuing some of the fallen women congregated there. We reproduce the narrative as it stands in Miss Lonsdale's pages, as an example of the kind of work of which Sister Dora was capable, though the accuracy of the particular story has been contested, apparently on good grounds:—

As Sister Dora passed this place with her two companions, a policeman stopped her, saying, "Hain't we better be near, Sister; it's an ugly place?" "Oh," she said earnestly, "on no account; it would spoil all; they must not think we are afraid." As the three missionaries turned down a narrow court, the most disreputable of all the neighbourhood, the Sister spoke to the clergy, "Now keep close behind me. I am safe enough, but your lives are not worth a moment's purchase if you are seen down here without me to protect you." They followed her, and she paused at the door of a small house brightly lighted, through the window of which she bade them look, taking care at the same time not to be discovered.

They saw a circle of women sitting round a table, evidently receiving orders from an ill-looking man, who appeared to be master. Sister Dora knocked at the door, and received at first no answer. She knocked again, and a man's voice growled, "Who's there?" "Sister Dora," was the answer. A volley of oaths was the next sound, coupled with the question, "What do you mean by coming here at this time of night?" She merely answered, "Open the door—it's Sister; I want to speak to you." The man got up swearing, and did as she told him. She stood in the doorway, looking with infinite compassion upon the scene before her, and exhorting the man as follows: "Why, Bill, what possesses you to treat me like this? Don't you remember what you told me the last time you came up to have that head seen to?" Growls from the man, and muttered oaths, was the rejoinder; with orders to "be quick, and say what she wanted." "I'll tell you what I want," answered Sister Dora, advancing into the room, and holding out her hand, first to one woman and then another: and as they crowded round her, she addressed them severally. "Well, Lizzie," or "Mary, how are you?" and "I've seen you before—did up your arm last winter twelvemonth—but I can't put a name to you;" or, "You came up to see me two months ago." Then, speaking to them all, "I want you all to go down on your knees with me now, this moment, and say a prayer to God." To the utter amazement of the two clergymen, the whole party, the man as well as all the women, knelt with Sister Dora, while she offered up aloud a prayer from the depths of her heart, for her "brothers and sisters" who were gathered there with her. As the man rose from his knees, he turned to her in a shamefaced manner and said, "I'm very sorry, Sister, I was so rude to you. I didn't mean it; you've been good to me." "Then," answered she, quickly, "if you're sorry, will you do what I ask you?" "That I will," replied he. "I want you, and all these women here, to come with me into a room we have got hard by, and to listen to something some friends of mine have to say to you there." Bill at once prepared to obey her like a little child, and most of the women followed his example.

The two clergymen had vanished into the little mission-room, which was soon filled. But they had scarcely begun their service when a rough fellow pushed his way in, accompanied by some women, and set to work shoving and nudging those who were already there, and jeering at them with coarse bitterness. "Bill!" turned to Sister Dora, by whose side he sat, and said imploringly, "Make him be quiet, Sister; now do." She rose, and saying authoritatively, "Now then, Jack, none of that. Come and sit you down here by me, and behave yourself." The dignity of her appearance and manner entirely quelled his savage nature, and as meekly as a lamb Jack came to her side, and the service proceeded, she seated between the two ruffians, who, under ordinary circumstances, would have thought little of murdering anybody who had thus dared to interfere with them.

Her young patients seem to have called out all the tender side of Sister Dora's character, and we are told that "she always had a devoted slave in some boy, whose ailments kept him a long while in the hospital," and for whom she was sure to have some humorous sobriquet. But we must leave our readers to study for themselves the history of "Sam," "Cockney"—whom she cured of "that worst of all scepticisms, a disbelief in human goodness"—and the rest of her young favourites. Another side of her character was exemplified in the tact with which she guided the Hospital Committee. The want of habitual intercourse with cultivated minds like her own was evidently a trial to her, or would have been, had she not been so wrapped up in her patients and her work. And considering that, apart from regular cases of disease, "scarcely any twelve hours passed in which some workman did not appear, scalded from a boiler, or, what was far worse, by molten metal," her work was pretty incessant. And it was maintained unbroken to the last. She refused to succumb to the fatal disease which was preying on her vitals, and her doctor was strictly enjoined to observe absolute secrecy as to its real nature, so that "Her'll get well" was the general verdict of Walsall within a few weeks of the end. It was not till the August of 1878 that she consented to go away for a holiday, and in October she returned to die. Two months of lingering agony were still before her, borne with exemplary cheerfulness and patience, until at length on the afternoon of Christmas Eve she peacefully passed away. On the following Saturday, December 28, she was carried to her grave, according to her own wish, by eighteen railway servants whom she had nursed, while a vast procession, headed by the

Mayor and Corporation, and including many hundreds of her old patients, followed for a mile through drizzling rain and half melted snow to the little cemetery chapel. The general desire of the working men of Walsall to have a statue erected to her memory was explained by one of the railway servants in a few simple and touching words, which convey fairly enough the feeling of those among whom she had lived and laboured devotedly for thirteen years:—

Why, nobody knows better than I do that we shan't forget her—no danger of that; but I want her to be there, so that when strangers come to the place and see her standing up, they shall ask us, "Who's that?" and then we shall say, "Who's that? Why that's our Sister Dora."

There are plenty of self-called female apostles in the present day, of whom Sister Dora was never one, ready enough to prate about what they call "woman's rights." They might be better employed in trying to learn the noble lesson she has bequeathed them of the reality of woman's work.

DAVIES'S METALLIFEROUS METALS AND MINING.*

WHETHER from a scientific or a commercial point of view, the study of metalliferous minerals and mining processes is one of ever-fresh and deepening interest. Copious as is already the literature devoted to the subject—much of it of the highest order—there is still room for a book bringing together in a concise and systematic manner the results of discovery and research carried on at different periods and in widely separate fields, concentrating into a common focus the rays of light which physical science, history, or practical economy may severally be found to contribute. With this view Mr. D. C. Davies has been led to undertake a work descriptive of the conditions under which metals and metallic ores are found in the different countries of the world, explaining in the first place the origin and constitution of such deposits, and in the next defining the zones occupied by the various metallic ores, with the view of somewhat lessening the amount of unsuccessful search for them. By means of the data thus supplied, together with the figures, quantities, and other statistics contained in the book, the commercial conditions of mining may, he thinks, be better defined. The leading principles of scientific research, as well as of economical management, being thus made good, and illustrated by a sufficiency of representative details, while the reader is furnished with references to sources whence additional information may be derived, a valuable service is rendered by Mr. Davies's little volume to those engaged in the profession of mining.

The author begins with a short survey of the primary materials of which the crust of the earth is known to be made up, amounting in all to about 600 species. These, however, it is found, resolve themselves on further analysis into some 63 simple elements, which cannot at present be further subdivided. For additional light on the distinction or the combination of these simple substances the reader is referred to works specially dealing with the subject, especially in its connexion with mineralogy. Of the 63 elementary substances, broadly divided, 48 are metals and 15 are non-metals; 5 of these being gases. Many of the whole number are of very rare occurrence in nature, the bulk of the earth's crust being made up for the most part of the five gases and the non-metallic minerals, oxygen and silica being the preponderating substances. It is with the metallic minerals that the present treatise is concerned, and from among these our author selects for description, on account of their utility in ordinary life, first, those included in the group popularly known as the noble or precious metals—gold, silver, platinum, iridium, and palladium; and, secondly, those making up the group of useful metals—copper, tin, lead, zinc, iron, nickel, mercury, bismuth, and tellurium. Coal-mining, it will be observed, does not come within the scope of his treatise. The student is taught to distinguish the two states in which metalliferous minerals occur in nature. In the native state they are found unalloyed with other, especially non-metallic, substances, and consequently pure and ready for use. In the more common mode of occurrence, save in the case of the so-called noble metals, they are mineralized, or associated with other minerals, and in combination with the gases or earthy admixtures. In this state they are known as ores, distinguished by the prevailing ingredient of the mixture. When mixed chiefly with oxygen the metals are called oxides; when with sulphur, sulphides; and when with chlorine, chlorides; all of which are more particularly dealt with as the book proceeds. An excellent table of strata sets before the eyes of the learner the order in which the various rocks making up the earth's crust lie upon each other, and the names by which the different groups of them are known to geologists; from which he is taught to select those in which metallic ores and mines may be looked for, confined as these are in general—with the exception of iron, more rarely copper, and occasionally one of the noble metals—to the series below the coal measures. Their great depositories consequently are the Laurentian, the Cambrian, the Silurian, the Devonian, and the Carboniferous strata, which make up the great mountain chains of the world. Tracing the principal lines of these mountain masses, which have, roughly speaking, a general direction from north-east to south-west, doubtless determined by the primary conditions of the

* *A Treatise on Metalliferous Metals and Mining.* By D. C. Davies, F.G.S., &c. London: Crosby Lockwood & Co. 1880.

earth's shrinkage, our author indicates the connexion which is generally found to hold good between the mountain groups and the mineral treasures of which he is about to treat; all the great deposits of metallic minerals being constituents of these mountains, or being met with in the valleys and ravines by which they are traversed, as well as in the detritus accumulated during long ages in the hollows that furrow their sides and in the plains that stretch along their feet.

All known deposits of metalliferous minerals being classified, as (1) lodes, comprising fissures and veins; (2) beds, or stratified deposits, and crystallized masses; (3) irregular deposits, including pockets, occasional veins, and disseminated ores; and (4) superficial deposits, comprising detrital gold, stream tin, bog iron ore and cupreous deposits, Mr. Davies goes in detail into the causes to which these modes of distribution of the mineral masses are due, illustrating the geology of the subject by typical examples from all parts of the world. The nature of fissures and lodes, with the way in which metallic veins are found interjected, and the methods of following disjointed strata, will be clearly understood from the accompanying sections and diagrams, for which he is indebted, as he informs us, to his son Mr. E. H. Davies. The illustrations throughout the work are accurately and artistically drawn. We would particularly mention those in Chapter III., showing crystals or rounded masses embedded in the rocky mass, ores of lead, blende, manganese and iron contained in the interstices, or quartz and micaceous slate entering in parallel lines into the structure of the lode. The most attractive part of the book will probably be that which treats of gold and silver deposits, in which the history of the best-known and most valuable mines or reefs is traced, the various processes for the extraction or accumulation of the metals in different countries and under various geological conditions are enumerated, and the commercial or economical statistics of their produce brought together. Sections are given to show the different conditions under which gold is usually found, which to the eye of the geologist go far towards indicating with certainty the prospects of successful or unsuccessful mining. Though perhaps the most widely diffused of all metals, it is but in few places that gold is found to repay the cost of working or extracting, and of the most renowned and once thought inexhaustible sources of supply, many have long since ceased their yield. The tales of India's gorgeous wealth seem well-nigh fabulous now that Golconda is barren of gold. Nor does the highest yield of the Mexican or Peruvian mines come within any appreciable approximation to the reports of Cortez and Pizarro. The yields of European gold-fields in our day are rapidly run through in our author's summary; the most hopeful of these, that of the Ural mountains, showing a total of no more than 66,966 pounds for last year, there being a progressive falling off since the year 1847, when a maximum of 75,000 pounds was attained. The history of gold-mining in Great Britain will be read with interest. Vestiges are still found of the Roman workings at Gogofau, west of Llandovey, in South Wales, in the large quartz veins that traverse the slaty strata of Arenig or Upper Cambrian age. To the present day the sacred thirst for gold has kept at work some enterprise of the kind in the Principality, which has always been known as the richest gold region of Britain. Ireland must have been of old time a near rival, to judge from the weight and splendour of Irish gold ornaments, such as those which form the noble collection of the Royal Irish Academy. The wonders of Californian and Australasian mining receive ample justice in Mr. Davies's pages, which include a notice of the prospects opened up by the recent discovery of auriferous deposits scattered over the wide region between the Zambesi and Cape Colony. Should the fears sometimes entertained of a failure of the world's supply of gold threaten to realize themselves, our author is prepared with the suggestion that some simple invention may be found whereby the sea-sands of the shores of auriferous countries, like the black sands of the Californian and Oregon coasts, might be made to yield readily and cheaply the particles of gold they contain.

Of European silver mines the most celebrated is that of Königsberg, in the south of Norway, first opened in 1623, and still worked at a profit. The ore in this mine, as shown in our author's diagram, occurs not so much in true lodes as in a succession of partly decomposed rocks known as fahlbands or rotten belts, of which layers there are seven interstratified with gneissic and slaty rocks. They extend over a length of several miles and a breadth of about one thousand feet. The total annual yield of Norway is set down at about 20,000 lbs. Troy. In Great Britain, though there is not a single silver mine proper, there is a large amount of this metal extracted from lead, chiefly in the Isle of Man, where the Cambro-Silurian strata yielded in 1876 103,332 ounces of silver from 2,500 tons of ore. The carboniferous limestones of Northumberland, Durham, and other northern counties are also productive of small quantities, samples of the tin ores of Alston Moor having yielded as much as eighty ounces to the ton. Of all silver mines in the world the most important is the Great Comstock lode of Nevada, of which Mr. Davies gives an interesting sketch. More ample accounts of this gigantic enterprise are to be obtained from the original Report of Baron von Richtofen, put forth in San Francisco in 1866; the magnificent volume of Clarence King and James D. Hague, forming part of the great United States Survey; and its valuable supplement, in the more recent work of Mr. John A. Church, published at New York. Our author's sections show the various lodes piercing the syenitic rocks at the base of the series, and the conglomeritic beds intersected by

dykes of trachytic rock. The main lode has been followed four miles, and some thirty-five mines have been opened in its course, the most successful of them being the Great Bonanza. The Suto tunnel, which took nearly ten years in making, has just struck the lode in the Savage mine, draining the whole to a depth of 2,200 feet, and displaying the multifarious strata, which are made clear by the section in fig. 40. In less than twenty years this mighty system of veins has yielded, according to our author, 40,000,000 lb., or, as Mr. Church reports, not much short of 70,000,000 lb., in silver and gold, there being in the natural mixture, on the average, six per cent. of the more precious metal to ninety-four per cent. of silver. A new shaft is said to be in contemplation, to a depth of 4,500 feet. Other representative lodes or groups of mines are the Eureka deposits of Eastern Nevada and the Emma Mine of Utah. Despite the unenviable notoriety which it has gained by years of litigation, the latter mine is shown to subserve the author's purpose of illustrating the different geological conditions under which silver deposits occur in the earth's crust, and the corresponding differences of working that are rendered necessary.

Our author treats next in succession the ores of copper, tin, lead, iron, and the less prominent metals, passing on to the various methods and appliances used in mining and metallurgy, with the modes of ventilation and draining. The application of machinery in aid of the miner's industry is adequately noticed. The history of mechanical contrivances for rock-drilling or boring may be carried back a century and a half, but it was to Richard Trevethick's rotary drill, worked by a weight of 500 lbs., that the first practical success in this direction was due. Other inventions in America and on the Continent, as well as in Great Britain, led the way to the great advance of M. Sommeiller, whereby the driving of the Mont Cenis Tunnel was so rapidly expedited, the motive power being compressed air. The rock-drilling machines now in use are divisible into two main classes—those which bore by constant pressure and rotation, and those which bore by percussion combined with a rotatory movement. As the typical example of the first group, Mr. Davies takes the Diamond Rock-Boring Machine of Messrs. Beaumont and Appleby, consisting of a hollow shaft driven rapidly by steam or otherwise, and terminating in a crown or disk of iron set with diamonds. Of the manifold varieties comprised in the second group our author has selected for illustration the Schram machine, in which the drill is worked either by compressed air or steam, with great economy of motive power and effectiveness and stroke; the Ingersoll drill, easily portable, and directed against the roof or sides of a mine; and the Jordan and Victor hand-power drills, in which the boring tool is lifted up by cams, and forced back by a spiral spring. Illustrations are also given of recent improvements in stone-breaking and stamping machines made by Blake and Scholl, as well as in ore-dressing machinery by the continuous automatic crushing mill of Mr. George Green. Some important statistics are added, showing the comparative results of work in different mines under various methods of operation, with the cost of mining and dressing the ores. The book ends with some useful hints towards the classification of unprofitable mines, pointing to the probable causes of failure and to the prudential principles to be kept in view with respect to the purchase and sale of mines, and to speculation in mining property generally.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

A HASTY reader might perhaps imagine that a series of annual reports, reprinted from the Transactions of a learned Society, would not supply very interesting reading except for persons who had more or less claim to the title of specialists. The two volumes of the late M. Mohl's *Rapports* (1) ought to make any such reader change his mind. They may be said to be almost perfect specimens of the *compte rendu*. For twenty-seven years the learned Orientalist laid before his colleagues of the Asiatic Society of Paris these documents, which comprise an obituary and a brief survey of the publications of the year in Oriental literature and study. The notices both of books and men are admirable, and have the distinctness and lack of monotony which are at once the two chief things to aim at, and the two most difficult things to secure in such matters. The consequence is that, even at this distance of time, and even to a person not specially acquainted with the subject, they are attractive and interesting. Among the obituary notices many curious items will be found, such as the biography of the Hungarian savant Alexander Csoma, a kind of modern Coryat without the charlatanism, who spent his life in wandering about the least known parts of the East, and refused all communication with Europe, and all recognition by European bodies. The book is introduced by a short preface from the pen of M. Renan and a biographical notice from that of Professor Max Müller; but its intrinsic interest is fully sufficient without this heavy metal of recommendation. Indeed in Professor Max Müller's notice we could have spared a very unnecessary digression, in which the writer endeavours to prove that the credit due to Sir Henry Layard and Sir Henry Rawlinson in connexion with Assyrian exploration is overrated in England.

The fourth and last volume of M. Baudrillart's *Histoire du*

(1) *Vingt-sept ans d'histoire des études orientales.* Par Jules Mohl. Paris: Reinwald.

lure (2) is perhaps the most interesting of the four. It covers the period from the beginning of the seventeenth century to the present day; and, as before, is chiefly occupied with French manners and customs, though other nations are by no means neglected. In this period many subjects of the first interest naturally occur for treatment, such as the conflict of opinion between Henri IV.'s advisers as to the propriety of making France a conquering nation with an external policy, or an industrial nation with a policy of commerce and trade; the attempts made by Louis XIV. and his Ministers to unite both ideals, represented respectively by Louvois and Colbert; the time of the building mania at Versailles and Marly; the "culpable luxury" of the Regent and Louis XV., &c. &c. M. Baudrillart's moral appears to be that, in point of luxury, as of other things, the *privatus census* should be *brevis*, the *commune magnum*.

It is a pity that M. Duquet (3) has not mastered the very simple proposition that to magnify your enemy is the best way to enhance your own victory and to minimize your defeat, while the vilifying of the enemy magnifies his victory, and makes the defeat of the vanquished more disgraceful. Another simple truth, which also, in common with many of his countrymen, he has yet to learn is that it is always ungracious to make a dead set, under the guise of writing history, at a particular person. The book before us is simply a long *plaidoyer* against Marshal MacMahon, while at the same time the author loses no opportunity of accusing the Germans of cruelty, general brutality, and even strategic incompetence. He has a real faculty for military history-writing, and could hardly fail (with the observance of the above simple rules) to produce work of very considerable value; but at present the animus and the childish petulance of his work can only disgust impartial readers.

There have been some doubts in England as to the claim of pedagogy to be recognized as a science, nor do we think that this Dictionary (4) will do much to reconcile the unbelievers. Here, if anywhere, we should expect to find an explanation of the mysterious term; but the Dictionary of Pedagogy does not present to the anxious inquirer much more than the appearance of a very cheap and a very handy encyclopædia, which might just as well have borne that more familiar and intelligible name, except that, at the end of the different articles, there are lists of questions to assist in getting up the subjects. We are almost afraid that if the book—which, be it repeated, is really a useful encyclopædia—had appeared in England some irreverent reviewer would have dubbed it the Dictionary for Crammers. Its information is exactly of the stamp that an instructor of youth, driven hard by an inconveniently inquisitive pupil, would find useful. Perhaps the title is a misprint for "Dictionnaire des pédagogues."

General Favé's treatise (5) is one of those books which as compositions have doubtless been of service to their authors, but which cannot be said to have any particular *raison d'être* for the reader. The General goes through the history, legendary and authenticated, of the Republic and the Empire, and draws such morals as occur to him.

Nos chambres hautes (6) is an argument, not devoid of interest, for the retention of Second Chambers in the colonies. The author's chief weakness is an unbridled affection for notes of exclamation.

Le cléricalisme (7) is a very fair sample of the nightmares of those Frenchmen who are haunted by the *spectre noir*. Give the Church her way for a century, says M. Depasse, and you shall see France in full feudalism—a state of which he proceeds to give terrible accounts. M. Depasse supposes that the complete separation of Church and State will save his country from this and other dangers.

In a curious book (8), partly consisting of reminiscences, partly of arguments, and partly of comments on other men's works, M. Eugène Nus endeavours to show the Spiritualist faith which is in him. The first and the most interesting part is a record of table-rapping and turning which M. Nus and some of his friends experienced about twenty-seven years ago. The profane will probably remark the statement that the *illuminés* on this occasion were all fervent young Republicans who had been deeply shocked by the *Coup d'état*, and who, by M. Nus's own account, were evidently in that state of half-exaltation and half-depression which physiologists tell us is most favourable to delusions and hallucinations. The latter and historical portion goes as far as the Slade business, and lays great stress on the testimony of a certain "M. Oxon, Professeur de la faculté d'Oxford." M. Oxon is, according to M. Nus, a man of the greatest intelligence and veracity.

Not many more gigantic literary tasks have recently been attempted than the Dictionary (9) of which M. Frédéric Godefroy has just issued the first *fasciculus*. The absence of anything even

approaching to a satisfactory lexicon of old French has long been a trouble to students of the language, the glossaries of Roquefort, Burguy, &c., being altogether insufficient. M. Godefroy's work is intended to occupy some eight mighty quarto volumes; and, to judge from this first part, it will be of inestimable value. The distinguishing characteristic is the abundant citations from authorities, manuscript as well as printed. The fulness of these is such as to entitle it justly to the name of a Thesaurus of the older tongue.

France has waited a good many years before devoting anything like an elaborate critical study to her eccentric Encyclopædist, and truth compels us to say that M. Scherer's *Diderot* (10) is hardly a compensation for so long a neglect. Compared with Mr. Carlyle's brilliant essay, with Rosenkranz's exhaustive book, and with Mr. Morley's elaborate examination of the philosopher and his set, it is in the highest degree thin, poor, and weak. Perhaps M. Scherer, who has always been a kind of belated Classicist, is not quite the man to examine *con amore* one who was in some ways the father of all the Romanticists of France. It is particularly unfortunate, too, that the foolish etiquette which makes Frenchmen ignore all foreign criticism of their literature has prevented him from profiting, at least openly, by the remarkable *corpus* of Diderotian criticism already referred to. His own remarks are almost always sensible, and up to a certain point correct, but they show no particular grasp of their subject and no particular faculty of expounding it.

Two books of travel covering nearly the same ground are always interesting to read, not merely because of the different view they give of the localities, but also because of the light they throw on the idiosyncrasies of the authors. Prince Lubomirski (11) is a traveller of the practical order, with a very strong dislike for discomfort of any kind. His indications of hotels and such like things will be of service to intending followers over the same route. The lady who writes under the name of Louis Régis (12), on the other hand, is rather of the sentimental and picturesque order, and her descriptions of things and places are sometimes of considerable merit. The Russian Prince's book—he out-Herod's Herod in point of French Chauvinism, it should be observed—covers a rather wider space of ground in its subject than the French lady's, containing not merely sketches of Algeria, but a rather interesting account of the less visited Tunis.

Among scientific books we may notice the second volume (13) of an elaborate and freely illustrated treatise on chemistry, pure and applied; the twenty-third issue (14) of the useful *Année scientifique*, by M. Figuier; another instalment (15) of M. Amédée Guillemin's accurate and interesting popular astronomical works; and two parts of the *Bibliothèque utile* (16), one of which also deals with astronomy, while the other handles the ethnology of Africa and America.

There is no very obvious connexion between English and Slav literature, nor are the treatises which M. Hallberg has united in one volume (17) conceived on anything like the same plan. We can only suppose that his sketch of English and American literature did not quite make up the volume, and that it therefore seemed good to the publisher to pad it with a short review of the literature of the Slavs. As to the English part of the book, it is done with excellent intentions, no doubt, but hardly according to knowledge. Such statements as that the *Canterbury Tales* are imitated from the *Decameron*; that Swift's *Drapier's Letters* "contiennent tous les arguments invoqués depuis par les révolutionnaires et les socialistes de tous les pays"; and that De Quincey was not merely a prose writer, but a "poète souvent estimable," are fatal to any high idea of M. Hallberg's first-hand knowledge of English literature.

In *La Russie et le Nihilisme* (18) M. Fréde shows a considerable knowledge of his subject, when he has once succeeded in getting free from Germany, which, he says, produces the majority of the criminals of the United States, Brazil, Mexico, and the English Colonies, and is besides permeated with a disgusting odour of rusty bacon. His Russian views, though not unworthy of attention, are tinted with a similar pessimism.

Les nouveaux conseils de l'enseignement (19) is the first of a series of Parliamentary papers, issued under the superintendence of one of the Clerks of the Chamber, which are likely to prove useful to students of French contemporary history.

In *La jeunesse de Fanny Kemble* (20) Mrs. Craven has taken the

- (2) *Histoire du luxe*. Par H. Baudrillart. Paris: L. Hachette & Co.
- (3) *Froeschweiler, Chârons, Sedan*. Par A. Duquet. Paris: Charpenier.
- (4) *Dictionnaire de pédagogie*. Publié sous la direction de F. Buisson. Deuxième partie, tome premier. Paris: Hachette.
- (5) *L'ancienne Rome, son grandeur et sa décadence*. Par le général Favé. Paris: Dumaine, Hachette.
- (6) *Nos chambres hautes*. Par l'hon. F. X. A. Trudel. Montréal: Senecal.
- (7) *Le cléricalisme*. Par H. Depasse. Paris: Dreyfous.
- (8) *Chans de l'autre monde*. Par Eugène Nus. Paris: Dentu.
- (9) *Dictionnaire de l'ancienne langue française*. Tome 1, fasc. 1. Par Frédéric Godefroy. Paris: Vieweg.

- (10) *Diderot*. Par Edmond Scherer. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
- (11) *La côte barbaresque et le Sahara*. Par le prince J. Lubomirski. Paris: Dentu.
- (12) *Constantine*. Par Louis Régis. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
- (13) *Traité de chimie générale*. Par Paul Schützenberger. Paris: Hachette.
- (14) *L'Année scientifique et industrielle*. 23^{ème} année, 1879. Par L. Figuier. Paris: Hachette.
- (15) *Les Nebuleuses*. Par Amédée Guillemin. Paris: Hachette.
- (16) *Bibliothèque utile—Les peuples de l'Afrique et de l'Amérique*. Par G. de Rialle. *Les phénomènes célestes*. Par Zurcher et Margolle. Paris: Germer-Baillière.
- (17) *Histoire des littératures étrangères*. Vol. 2. *Littératures anglaise et slave*. Par E. Hallberg. Paris: Lemerre.
- (18) *La Russie et le Nihilisme*. Par Pierre Fréde. Paris: Quantin.
- (19) *Les nouveaux conseils de l'enseignement; texte et commentaire de la loi du 27 Février 1880*. Paris: Quantin.
- (20) *La jeunesse de Fanny Kemble*. Par Mme. A. Craven. Paris: Didier.

recently issued *Records of a Girlhood*, and has translated pretty numerous extracts, accompanying them with a running commentary. The object seems to be to see how far the theatre might be made a moral force. Mrs. Craven finds in the life of her heroine rather discouragement than encouragement for this notion, all the more so that her admiration for Miss Kemble is great.

Mrs. Audley has added an interesting volume (21) to the many lives of musicians recently written by ladies. She is an enthusiastic defender of her hero, and inclines to think him very badly treated by George Sand.

Prose translations of lyric poetry are not things which can be spoken of with indiscriminate approbation. But M. Aulard's translation of Leopardi (22) has this advantage, that it is introduced by a very long preliminary dissertation, biographical and critical, on the poet of pessimism, who has not hitherto been very fortunate in meeting with expositors out of his native country.

M. Quantin's elegantly printed *Bibliothèque des romans* has been enriched with a reprint of Furetière's *Roman bourgeois* (23), a production of no first-rate literary merit, but useful and interesting for the light it throws on manners in the palmy days of the seventeenth century in France. Two less sumptuous reprints of the work have previously appeared of late years, and the issue of a third shows the singular demand for old books which now characterizes the French book trade.

We may group together three volumes of sketches of the light feuilleton kind which is still to a great extent an *article de Paris*. M. Valléry-Radot's book (24) is an attempt to show that the French student of to-day is a much more respectable being than his forerunners, though he may be considerably less picturesque. Mr. Matthew Arnold's theory of the "Ishmaelite" character of the French is fiercely, though unwittingly, opposed by M. Valléry-Radot, who holds that the student is rapidly "ranging" himself, and that he will soon become as moral as a German without the German fancy for mutilating his companions' countenances. "For the first time for eighty years," he says, "nous aurons une génération saine d'esprit et saine de cœur." This consummation does not seem to have been fully reached yet, if we may judge from *Chut!* (25), which, however, is not so scandalous a book as its title might lead readers to expect. It is simply a collection of the miscellaneous stories, jokes, *nouvelles diverses*, and so forth, which fill up the pages of the *Figaro* and of most other Parisian papers.

Arnold Mortier's *Soirées parisiennes* (26), which have now been issued regularly for some years, are also reprints of the theatrical criticisms of the *Figaro*.

The first number of the *Revue de l'histoire des religions* (27), the object of which is sufficiently explained by its title, contains articles on divination in ancient Italy, on the religious monuments of Cambodia, &c., besides useful bulletins of the literature of various subdivisions of the general subject. A paper of interest on the Basque "Pastorals," or miracle plays, also deserves notice.

M. Duprez is fortunately able to write his own biography (28). The life recorded does not perhaps contain any events of very striking interest; but the book illustrates well enough the joys and woes, the triumphs and disgusts, which await a public singer.

M. Henri de Bornier's new play (29) is a really solid and remarkable piece of work, displaying the same qualities as the *Fille de Roland*, but also showing decided progress in the art of putting those qualities to use. The well-known story of the manner in which the Scourge of God met his death furnishes the plot with very little amplification, except that the bride is made to deal the blow in revenge for the murder of her lover and the enslavement of her father and his people. As before, M. de Bornier has made his chief appeal to the higher moral sympathies, and to a lofty, if rather vague, patriotism. Walter, the murdered lover, is a Frankish chief, and Attila is constantly taunted throughout the play with his failure to take Paris, while in the last scene a singular spectacular device is resorted to. The captive Franks and Burgundians overpower the drunken Huns, and when the dying tyrant calls for his guards and his standard, *Le Drapeau de Lutèce* is brought in instead, and he dies in the consciousness of falling by a woman's hand and of his former repulse by St. Geneviève. The verse of the play is unequal, but not seldom rises to a very creditable stamp of Alexandrine, suggestive of Corneille rather than of Racine, though of course not without Hugonic echoes here and there. At present, we should say, M. de Bornier's weakest point is character-drawing. His Attila somewhere says that he does not choose that any one should understand him, and in truth there is not much danger of his undergoing this ignominy. His general behaviour reminds one of the words of another stage tyrant—"I'll do 't to show my arbitrary power." Attila is always doing it to show his arbitrary power, and it is frequently a very incom-

prehensible "it." So also the minor characters rarely display the distinctness of complexion that is desirable. Perhaps the rarest excellence both of novelist and dramatist is the faculty of making everybody and everything work together to bring about the *dénouement*; certainly M. de Bornier has not yet fully attained this.

An unusually long list of novels contains also an unusual number of contributions from distinguished hands. The two ladies who write as Henry Gréville and Th. Bentzon deserve first mention for other reasons than the traditional *place aux dames*. Though both have perhaps been praised enough by their admirers, there are few among the younger novelists of France who can be compared with them. *Cité Ménard* (30) is one of the best, if not the best, of its author's works, and M. Sandeau would not, we think, have been ashamed to sign it thirty or forty years ago. The fortunes of the inhabitants of the Cité, an *insula* on Montmartre, with, as a central point, those of the good angel of the community, the sempstress Cécile, are very charmingly told. *Georgette* (31), on the contrary, though a book of considerable literary merit, is spoilt to English taste by the extravagance of its theme. A mother who finds that a *liaison* in which she has been engaged for years injures the chances of her daughter in life, and therefore conveniently drops herself into a crevasse, is not a sublime object at Dover, whatever she may be at Calais—to retort a criticism of M. de Saint-Victor's on Swift. *Le grand-père Lebigre* (32), which contains more stories than one, is a fair specimen of the lighter work of the famous collaborators. Whether MM. Erckmann-Chatrian might not be better employed at such a conjuncture as the present than in stirring up popular hate against the Jesuits is a question; but the volume is not wholly occupied with denunciation of the black militia. M. Henri Rochefort's book (33) is not a particularly interesting novel; but it has traces enough of its author's peculiar vein of caustic wit to save it, and the picture of New Caledonia is a curious study in black without any white. In *Le crime de Martial* (34), a sequel to his recently noticed *Château des épines*, M. Ulbach has once more attempted tragic sentiment and sensational incident, and has succeeded very fairly. The way in which the events of 1870-71 are brought in is superior to any previous employment of them that we remember in a novel.

M. de Boisgobey (35) has given an interesting story of the old régime in *L'héritage de Jean Tourniol*; and M. Allard a good and healthy study of modern bourgeois life in Paris, under the title of *L'impasse des couronnes* (36). *L'étang des sœurs grises* (37) is again tragical, and not representative of favourable moral conditions, but it opens with a well-told legend explaining the title. The author of *Aziyadé* has supplied in *Le mariage de Loti* (38) an account of Tahitian manners which exhibits the drawbacks of earthly paradises. There is much affectation in the book, particularly in the irritating way in which its paragraphs end regularly with rows of points, thus . . . But there is also literary talent. The tales comprised in M. Sylvin's volume (39) follow in style authors as widely removed as Bret Harte and Henry Murger, and follow them not unsuccessfully. *Les belles millionnaires* (40), on the other hand, is an ordinary novel of society, the prescription for which may be said to be a grain of Charles de Bernard and a gallon of distilled, or undistilled, water. M. Cadol's tales (41) are fair specimens of *conte excentrique* without the eccentricity being strongly marked. In *Les amours de la duchesse* (42) M. Odysse Barot has worked up his really considerable knowledge of English literature, manners, and politics, without, however, quite escaping the fate which seems to rest upon all Frenchmen who cross the Channel for their scenes and subjects. The history of the Duchess of Kennington and her clever but inconvenient son, Mr. John Marcy, whose talent is such that two London daily newspapers print a leader he has casually sent them on the same day, is to be continued. Lastly, the ingenious author who calls himself Quatrelles, and decorates his title-pages with four capital L's symmetrically arranged, has produced a book (43) not destitute either of wit or of knowledge of nature in *Les amours extravagantes de la princesse Djulavann*. These excellent qualities may perhaps partly excuse, at least in a French novel, certain breaches of good taste according to English notions.

(30) *Cité Ménard*. Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.

(31) *Georgette*. Par Th. Bentzon. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(32) *Le grand-père Lebigre*. Par Erckmann-Chatrian. Paris: Hetzel.

(33) *L'évadé*. Par Henri Rochefort. Paris: Charpentier.

(34) *Le crime de Martial*. Par Louis Ulbach. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(35) *L'héritage de Jean Tourniol*. Par Fortuné de Boisgobey. Paris: Plon.

(36) *L'impasse des couronnes*. Par Léon Allard. Paris: Plon.

(37) *L'étang des sœurs grises*. Par A. Matthey. Paris: Charpentier.

(38) *Le mariage de Loti*. Par l'auteur d'*Aziyadé*. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(39) *Contes bleus et noirs*. Par Edouard Sylvin. Paris: Charpentier.

(40) *Les belles millionnaires*. Par Léopold Stapleaux. Paris: Ollendorff.

(41) *La princesse Aldée*, &c. Par Edouard Cadol. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(42) *Les amours de la duchesse*. Par Odysse Barot. Paris: Rouff.

(43) *Les amours extravagantes de la princesse Djulavann*. Par Quatrelles. Paris: Hetzel.

(21) *Frédéric Chopin*. Par Mme. A. Audley. Paris: Plon.

(22) *Poésie et autres morales de Leopardi*. Traduction par F. A. Aulard. Tome I. Paris: Lemerre.

(23) *Le roman bourgeois*. Par A. Furetière. Paris: Quantin.

(24) *L'étudiant d'aujourd'hui*. Par René Valléry-Radot. Paris: Hetzel.

(25) *Chut!* Par l'auteur de "Shocking!" Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(26) *Les soirées parisiennes*. Par Arnold Mortier. (Un Monsieur de l'Orchestre.) Paris: Dentu.

(27) *Revue de l'histoire des religions*. No. 1. Paris: Leroux.

(28) *Souvenirs d'un chanteur*. Par G. Duprez. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(29) *Les noces d'Attila*. Par le vicomte H. de Bornier. Paris: Dentu.

AMERICAN MEAT PRODUCTION.—The accuracy of the statements in the Times commented upon in an article entitled "English Farming and American Meat" which appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW of April 10th, is, we find, contested by the London and St. Katharine Docks Company. In a letter printed in the Times of April 15th, the General Manager of the Company states that the apparently high charges for landing, lirage, and slaughtering cattle at the Victoria Docks are due in part to the action of the Privy Council, and in part to the charge for conveyance to Deptford made by the City authorities, in whom the sole right of such conveyance is vested.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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